Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Royal P[illegible]
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Photo by *Lafayette*

The Duchess of Connaught in her robes as Doctor of Music

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their two daughters were received last week in private audience by the Pope. According to Papal etiquette, they were dressed entirely in black, affording a contrast to the German Empress, who interviewed the Pontiff in walking dress and hat in colours

No. 71.—Vol. VI.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, April 12, 1905

	PAGE
Frontispiece	53
The World's Pageant	55
People of the Hour	60
"Hamlet" at the Adelphi Theatre ...	66
Random Jottings	67
From Abroad	70
Sunny Algeciras	71
Concerning Lord Milner (No 71 of the Series)	74
Our Short Story—"Molly's Marriage." By Annie Oldmeadow	76
Mr. Tree's Academy: Promising Recruits to the Stage	78
The Whimsicalities of W. Heath Robinson	80
Mr. Biff's Travels with a Guide-Book...	83
"Resting" on a Ranch; Madame Modjeska's Beautiful Home in Orange Co., California	84
The Library	87
A Bookman's Gossip	88
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	90
Lawn Tennis at Cannes. By G. M. Simond	92
Sports at the R.M.C. (Sandhurst) ...	94
Automobile Topics	95
Matters Musical	98
The Connoisseur	99
Bridge Competition	100
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows ...	102

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"A Dreamer's Harvest." By Mount Houmas. (Greening: 6s.)

"The Taming of the Brute." By Frances Harrod. (Methuen: 6s.)

"A Vagrant Englishwoman." By Catherine L. Dodd. (Smith, Elder: 6s.)

"Dreams." By Olive Schreiner. New edition. (Fisher Unwin: 1s.)

"Hinemoa and Tutanekai." A Maori Legend, with other Verses and Stories. By Rathmell Wilson. (United Press Association: 2s. 6d.)

"L'Avocat Patelin." The Famous Fifteenth Century Farce. Translated for the first time into English by Samuel F. G. Whitaker. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Modern Bridge." By "Slam." With a Reprint of the Laws of Bridge, as adopted by the Portland and Turf Clubs. (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Outcasts," and other Stories. By Maxim Gorky. (Fisher Unwin: 1s. net.)

"Fame, the Fiddler." A Story of the Stage. By S. Adair Fitzgerald. Cheap edition. (Greening: 6d.)

Novel Bridge Competition.

CHANCES FOR BEGINNERS

Money Prizes Every Week.

SEE PAGES 100 and 101

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

April 12, 1905

Brighton has provided another big nail in the Government's coffin. Many explanations have been attempted to account for this latest Ministerial disaster. No explanation is needed. Mr. Balfour's hand is against every elector, and every elector's hand is against Mr. Balfour.

* * *

The completion of the bridge over the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi river forges one more link in the stupendous project of a railway from Cairo to the Cape. Quite apart from the great engineering feat which the accomplishment of this bridge marks as notable, it is practical testimony that the British South Africa Company is determined to pursue the policy of its illustrious founder, Mr. Rhodes.

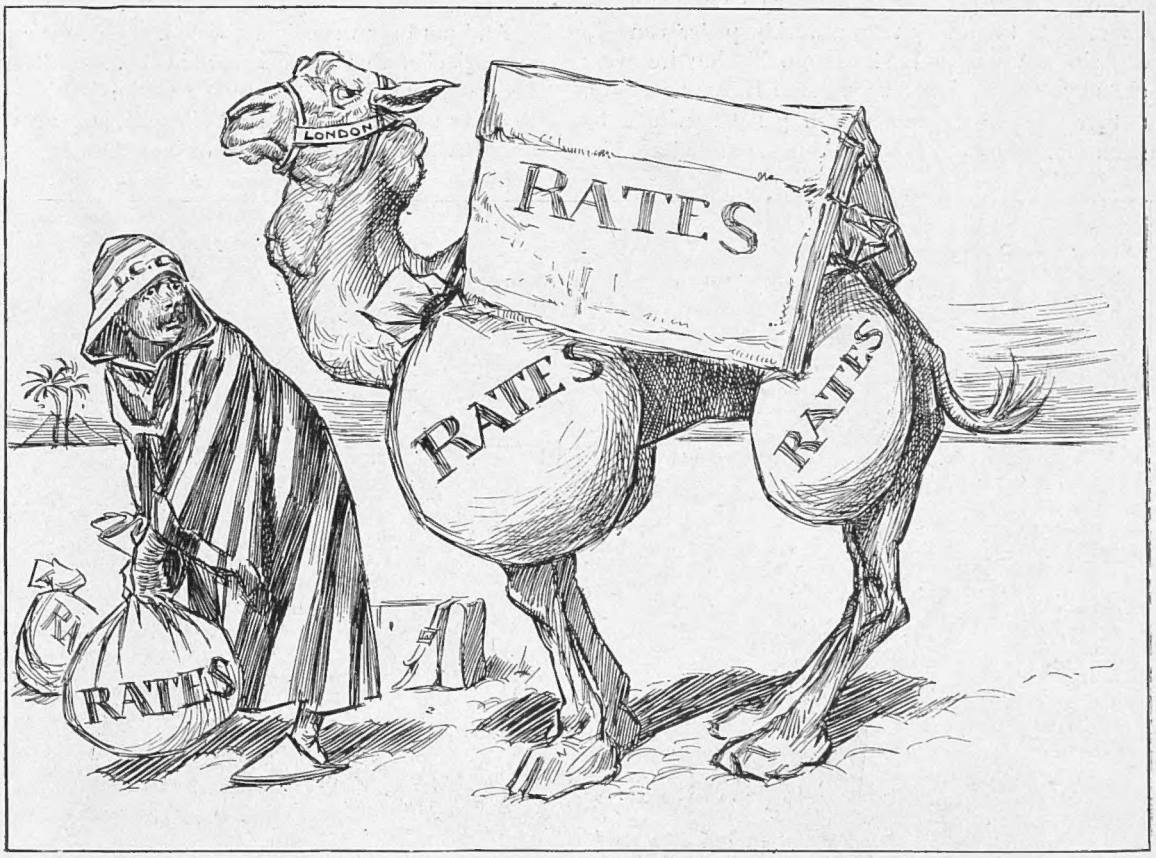
* * *

The penalties of Empire! In the same week that the bridge across the Victoria Falls is complete, a terrible earthquake takes place in India. Dharmsala, a growing and popular health resort in the Punjab, has been blotted out of the map. Lahore has suffered terribly, both in lives and property. It is a fact that a disaster cannot occur in any portion of the globe without its affecting, more or less directly, subjects of King Edward.

A great deal of interest has been caused by the suicide of a Camberwell jeweller. It seems the amount he owed to the municipality for rates had weighed upon him, and, unable to meet the demands, he took his life. The manner in which the local rates are growing is indeed an alarming and sinister testimony to the ease with which Corporation loans can be raised. Camberwell's municipal expenditure, for instance, is *2s.* 10*d.* in the £1, while Westminster's is only *1s.* 5*d.* The poor rate at Camberwell is *1s.* 5*d.*, while at Hampstead it is under 3¼*d.*, and, such being the case, one would naturally expect that those districts, having to provide a heavy poor rate, would try to practise economy in other directions. But it has become the fashion in "progressive" boroughs to raise enormous sums of money in what are called "productive" works, forgetting that many of those who are called upon to pay for the initiation of these "productive" works may never be in the position to benefit by them.

* * *

It is obvious, from the correspondence we have received on the subject, that the Edalji case has begun to interest the public at last. Mr. Beck was fortunate to get both a daily newspaper and a popular journalist to



THE LAST STRAW?

THE SHEIKH DJIN WILLIAMS-FENN: "Don't start grumbling now, you've got to carry a lot more than that"

The Volunteers

"This is certainly one way of reducing us, if you want us reduced"

England v. France

FRANCE: "You meet me next year in Paris, is it not, M'sieur?"
ENGLAND: "Delighted." *(Aside.)* "Good! I stand a chance of beating *somebody?*"

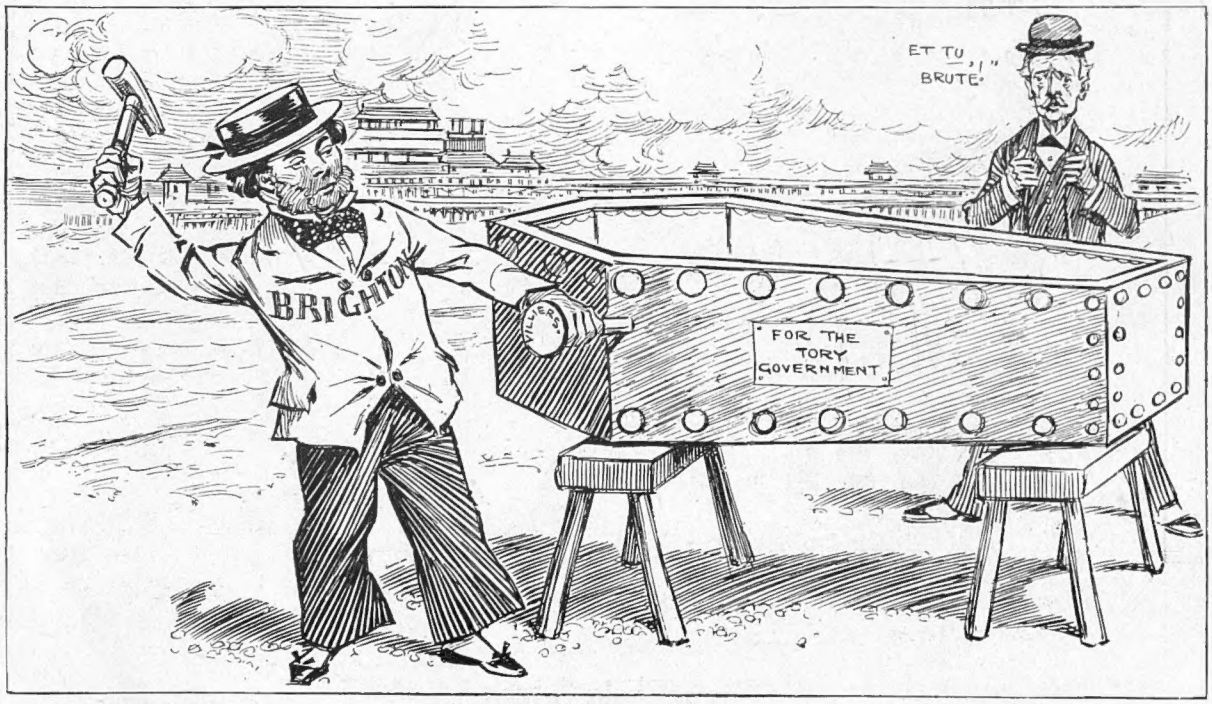
plead for him. We should be glad, in this instance, to find some public-spirited daily journal to take up the case of Edalji. There is plenty of evidence in his favour to be adduced, and it would even afford some interest to learn on what pretext Edalji was convicted, or, rather, the logic by which the amateur bench of country swallows were convinced of his guilt to the extent of committing him to penal servitude for seven years.

* * *

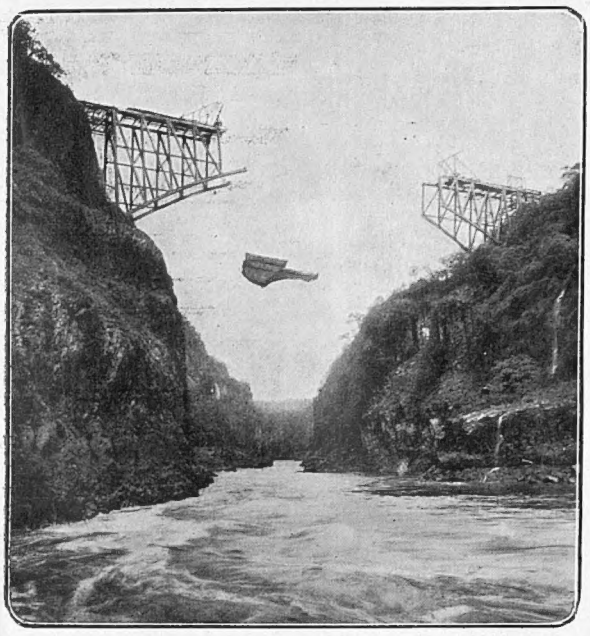
A daily newspaper could return so much more frequently to the attack than a weekly paper can—in fact, six times as often! It could inquire very pointedly of Mr. Akers-Douglas, the Home Secretary, whether Edalji is not retained in penal servitude by reason of reports which have been submitted to him in confidence by the police. It could ask, with equal and reiterated point, whether the Home Office is acting within its rights in accepting such reports, which are to the prejudice of the prisoner, without allowing the defence an opportunity of seeing what these precious reports are. As a matter of fact, any logical and unprejudiced person who has studied the Edalji case (which has been freely set out in our columns), is convinced that he was wrongly convicted.

* * *

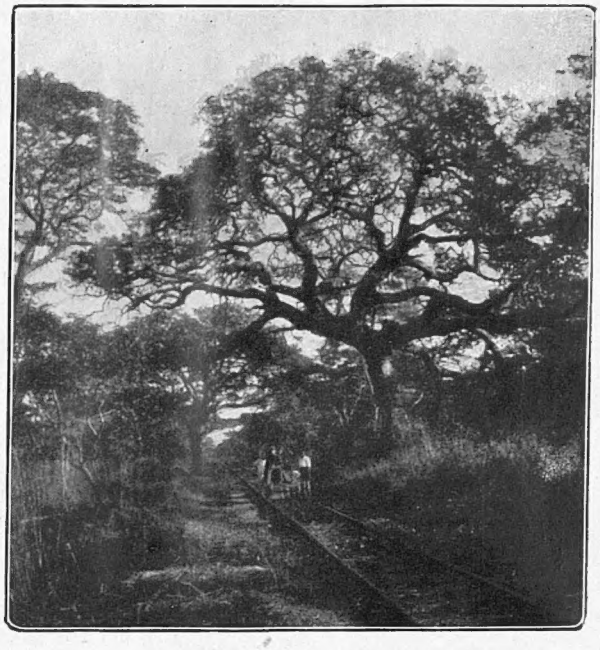
And not only wrongly convicted. There is a widespread belief that there is more in it than that. The belief is, that Edalji was made a victim by the police to cover up their own ineptitude and incompetence, and that their only object now is to burke inquiry.



THE BIGGEST NAIL OF ALL



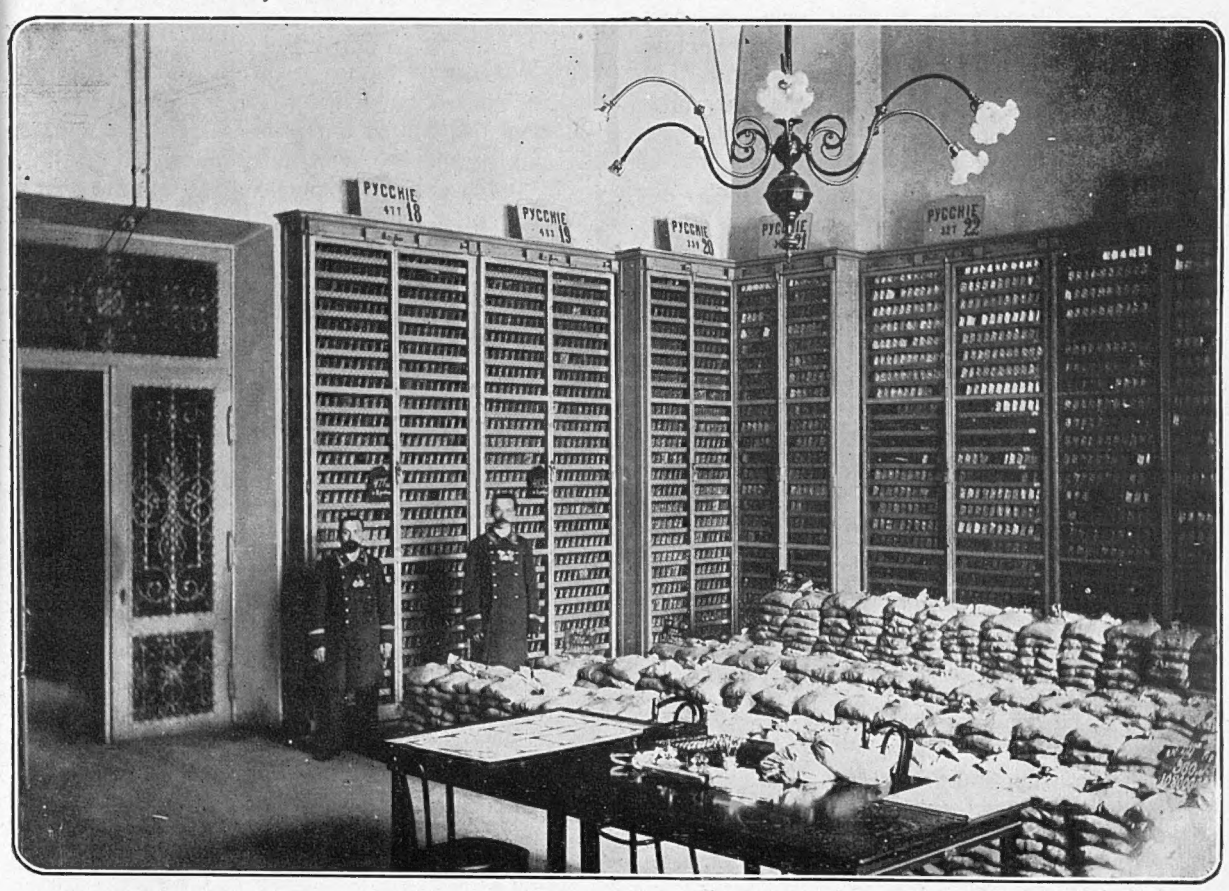
The Cape to Cairo Railway: The Victoria Falls Bridge, in course of construction



The Cape to Cairo Railway: A pretty stretch of country near the Victoria Falls

On April 1, at seven in the morning, the two ends of the great span, by which the Zambesi is to be crossed, met in the middle. This means that 1,633 miles of the great railway which is to unite the Cape with Cairo have been practically completed. The bridge shown is the highest in the world, being 400ft. above the water. Its length is 600ft. The object slung midway below the bridge is known as the "Electric Blondin"—a device by which the materials were carried from one side to the other

We all know how surprised the police and the Home Office were to find that Mr. Beck was innocent, and they will be equally surprised, one day, to find that the Edalji case, with its shameful suppression of facts, will recoil on them with such force, that the methods by which the Home Office dispenses justice will undergo thorough reform. It is a very serious matter that a man should be in prison and his case prejudiced, not by what came out in open court, but by reason of some secret confidential evidence that we have only the word of the Home Office is in existence.



IS RUSSIA SOLVENT? A GLIMPSE INTO THE BULLION VAULTS AT ST. PETERSBURG

The sum total of the wealth represented here is said to be £62,776,000, and, of course, there can be no doubt about it at all, because a *Daily Mail* man went to see it, in response to an invitation issued by the Russian Government to the English Press. Unkind critics, however, say that the whole amount is simply borrowed money, and really represents a debt

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Miss Irene Vanbrugh

Amy Grey, the daughter, in *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*

At the Duke of York's Theatre

"ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE"

The most remarkable point about Mr. Barrie's new play, at the Duke of York's Theatre, is the "tag." Whether this be the latest development of his whimsical humour it is a little difficult to determine. If it be so, the joke is one which is likely to recoil upon the author's head. The new play is replete with the humours of home and the fireside. It is likewise a most delicious bit of burlesque upon the incriminating-letter-and-follow-the-villain-to-his-rooms-in-evening-dress order of play. But after Mr. Barrie has had his fun, and the audience are preparing to snatch their wraps and depart, he suddenly raises a fresh issue. Alice-sit-by-the-fire has taken a rise out of her playgoing child, who is led by her experience of the theatre into the most ludicrous pose as a woman of the world; another young person, Mr. Stephen Rollo, has been shown up in a manner which convinces him that he has yet something to learn of woman's ways; the play, in fact, is at an end; we are waiting for the "click" of the curtain (a delightful "Barrie-ism,") when, lo! Alice begins to expatiate (I had almost written maunder) upon the place which she must now occupy in the home. She must be a domesticated Alice. She must bury her Indian past with its record of flirtations with boys, its walks in the moonlight; she must strive to cast from her mind the flotsam and jetsam of a somewhat giddy time. Alice, in this serious mood, is very depressing. Self-confession may be good for the soul, but it is not a thing to inflict upon an audience for twenty minutes after the play is over. Can it be that Mr. Barrie has taken to practical joking? Can he be smiling behind his hand, and thinking, "Ah! you thought the play was over, did you? I will show you! You thought of catching that last train to the suburbs. That's just where you made a mistake." So much for the epilogue improper. The play proper, gives us another instalment of most delightful "Barrie-isms." Once again, he shows his extraordinary insight into the relations between parents and their children.

Mr. Aubrey Smith

Colonel Grey, the father in *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*

Miss Ellen Terry, whom it is a treat to welcome back to London, gave us an Alice of charm, of vivacious humour. She saved the epilogue from disaster.

Mr. A. E. Matthews afforded us another study of the human boy. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, looking very girlish, played the daughter with intense seriousness, as befits a burlesque. She set the piece in its proper framework.

"PANTALOON"

The first piece, *Pantaloon*, is an attempt by Mr. Barrie to extract pathos from our old friends of the harlequinade. The humour is rather forced, and it is not until the end of the piece, when the runaways, Columbine and the Harlequin, appear, with a little clown, to cheer the despondent Joey, that the chords are struck which the author apparently intended should serve as a *leit-motif* to the play.

Mr. A. W. Baskcomb **Mr. Gerald Du Maurier**

Clown and Pantaloon, in *Pantaloon*, at the Duke of York's Theatre

At the Adelphi Theatre

"HAMLET"

There is a very simple recipe for playing *Hamlet*. Turn to Act III., Scene 2, read Hamlet's exhortation to the players, and apply it to the rôle of the Prince. In three comparatively short speeches is packed sufficient wisdom to serve an actor for a lifetime.

These speeches, pregnant with wisdom, may be regarded in another light. They form the *pons asinorum* of the play, the bridge upon which many a poor player has broken down, and been forced to return whence he came without reaching the bank of success.

Miss Lettice Fairfax
Leonora Dunbar, Amy Grey's friend, in *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*

O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christians, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

The infinite pathos of these observations delivered by Mr. Barne Stormer, as he holds the mirror up to himself, must wring the heart or tickle the fancy of the listener, according to his temperament.

Long before Act III., Scene 2, Mr. H. B. Irving had laid the foundations of a remarkable success, but none the less the significance which attaches to the speeches to the players was not lost. They formed the *apologia* of his performance. They explained not only why he did not fail, but also why he did succeed.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action. . . .

One smiled to hear this Hamlet letting the audience into the secret of his success. Mr. Irving's Hamlet has all the natural proportions of beauty. He padded the stage in fury, yet never tore his passion to tatters; he gave way to moods of infinite sadness, yet was never lugubrious; his bitterness flavoured and not turned his temperament; his simplicity struck no note of bathos, he was natural without being modern; he was not a mad Hamlet, nor a sad Hamlet, but just Hamlet.

The new Hamlet acts like a tonic upon the play. He burns to avenge his father's death, and this settled purpose, never quite forgotten in the melancholy paths in which it leads him, quickens the action of the play. The play becomes the thing; the working of it begins to enchain our interest. Instead of being occasionally dull, it is at all times inspiriting. Mr. H. B Irving skilfully avoids the common mistake of giving way too much to self-analysis, and revelling in his woe. He does not, like some have done before him, commit suicide upon the altars of soliloquy.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan and Mr. Kenneth Douglas
Stephen Rollo and the Slavey, in *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*

Miss Lily Brayton, since she has been at the Adelphi Theatre, has been a great factor in the welcome success, which has been won against odds, by a young and enterprising management. Ophelia is not a difficult part to interpret, because the note of madness is not sustained. Like many other minor Shakespearean characters, among which Morocco is a striking example, Ophelia dominates a big scene and then disappears. But the limitations of the rôle do not discount the value of a good performance. Miss Lily Brayton made just the impression of pitifulness which was required. Mr. Oscar Asche, a picturesque figure as the King, expressed his remorse with, perhaps, a shade too much vigour. It is difficult to be friendly disposed towards the First Gravedigger, but Mr. Charles Rock kept the tiresome humours of this character within bounds. Mr. Lyall Swete was a comic Polonius. As Laertes Mr. Walter Hampden was a worthy rival, in grace and forcefulness to the Prince of Denmark. Caricatures of the characters in *Hamlet* will be found on page 66. E. C. S.

Miss Ellen Terry as Mr. Grey
(Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire)

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"The Bystander" Theatre Guide

His Majesty's Theatre, at 8.30: *A Man's Shadow.*—"Machine-made drama," but very thrilling.

Haymarket Theatre, at 8.25: *A Case of Arson.* At 9.25: *Everybody's Secret.*—Sweet domesticity. Young parents, golden-haired child, etc.

Wyndham's Theatre, at 8.45: *Mr. Hopkinson.*—Outrageous caricature and most amusing.

New Theatre, at 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimperne.*—Last nights. Look out for *Leah Kleschna.*

Garrick Theatre, at 8.30: *The Walls of Jericho.*—Going for the record run.

Strand Theatre, at 8.30: *Off the Rank.*—Willie Edouin at his funniest.

Court Theatre.—Constant Change of Bill. Can chance the play—sure to be good.

Savoy Theatre, at 8.15: *Du Barri.*—Play indifferent, but a gorgeous production.

Imperial Theatre, at 8.30 *Monsieur Beaucaire.*—Last nights.

Apollo Theatre, at 8.15: *Veronique.*—The reigning queen of comic operas.

Musical comedies at Lyric, Gaiety, Prince of Wales'. Take them in order.

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

The New Head Master at Eton

Canon Lyttelton, Head Master of Haileybury, has been appointed "Head" of Eton in succession to Dr. Warre. The boys themselves were anxious to have Mr. A. C. Benson, but, as a matter of fact, the choice of Canon Lyttelton is a very excellent one. He is himself an old Etonian, and was at one time an assistant-master. The new Head Master holds very different ideas on the classics to Dr. Warre. We have reason to believe that he was an ardent "placet," when the question arose at Cambridge recently, whether Greek should or should not be compulsory. He has written a book with the revolutionary title, "Are we to go on with Latin verses?" It is a question many Haileybury and Eton boys would be glad to answer in the negative. Canon Lyttelton, like all his brothers, is very fond of games, and is a member of the M.C.C., but what makes him so popular with his boys is that, though he can be very severe, he is invariably just. It was of Dr. Temple that the famous, but unconscious, tribute was paid by a schoolboy:—"He is a beast, but a just beast." A Head Master who is not a "beast" in the schoolboy's eyes must come perilously near to being soft.

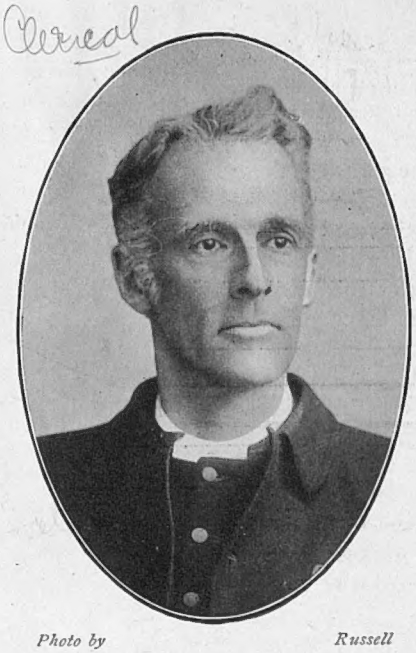


Photo by *Russell*

Canon the Hon. Edward Lyttelton

Who has just been appointed Head Master of Eton to succeed Dr. Warre

Sir Clements Markham

Sir Clements Markham, who is retiring from the presidentship of the Royal Geographical Society, and is to be succeeded by Sir G. Taubman Goldie, is, of course, a very noted traveller. Originally entering the Navy, he took part in the Arctic Expedition of 1850-1, but the following year took to independent travel. The country which has exercised the most influence on his imagination was Peru. He has searched for Inca's treasure, and translated an Inca drama from the original *quipa*. He has written a history of Peru, which is only second to Prescott's work of genius, and also a book on "Travels in Peru and India." The East, next to the mysterious land of Peru, is Sir Clements' favourite hunting-ground for topographical research, and he knows Persia very thoroughly. It was through Sir Clements' efforts that the cultivation of the quinine-yielding chinchona, now so indispensable to India, was first introduced there from Peru.

Mr. Stephen Phillips

When Mr. Stephen Phillips burst upon a delighted public, a chorus of praise went up upon his knowedge of stage effect. Poets there had been before who had

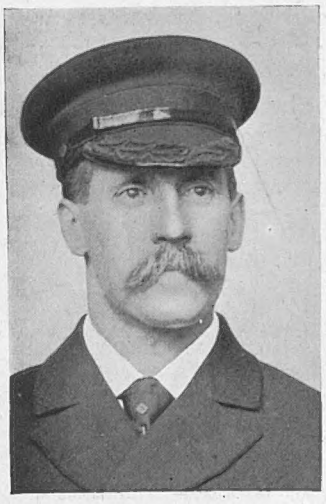


Photo by *Topical Agency*

Mr. C. S. Egerton

The newly appointed Senior Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade

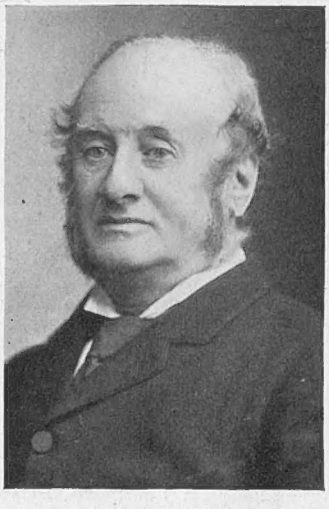


Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Clemen's Markham

Retiring President of the Royal Geographical Society

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Stephen Phillips

Poet and dramatist, who will play "The Ghost" in Mr. Martin Harvey's coming production of *Hamlet*

Stephen Phillips—Poet and Actor

dallied with the drama, but their works were more easily handled in the study than upon the boards. Mr. Phillips changed all that. His plays were distinguished, not alone by the divine fire, but by a keen sense of the theatre. In fact, his plays were found actually to be actable. The secret of Mr. Phillips's success must out. He learnt to be a playwright by first becoming a player. Now he is to return to his old love. He will shortly be seen as "The Ghost" in the forthcoming production of *Hamlet* by Mr. Martin Harvey. It is interesting to note that this rôle was a favourite one with yet another actor-playwright—Master William Shakespeare.

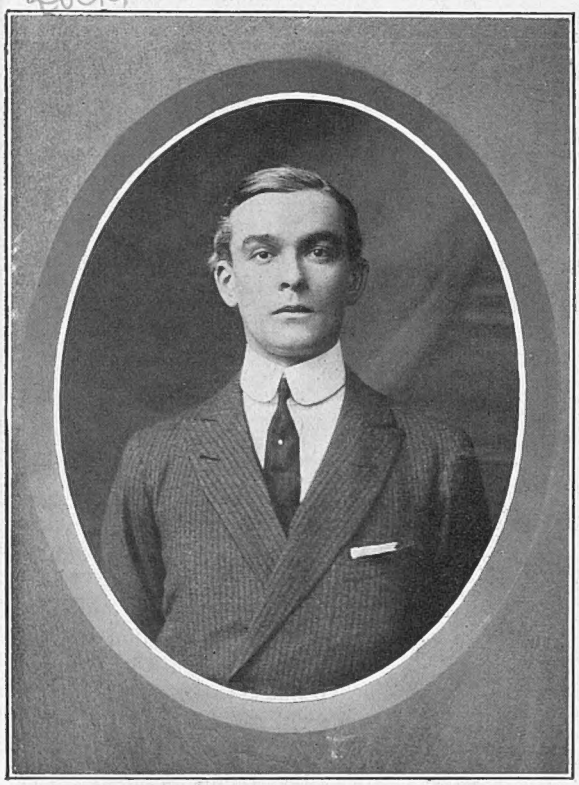
Viscountess Newport

One of the most charming of twentieth century hostesses is young Viscountess Newport, whose marriage to the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Bradford took place rather less than a year ago. Lady Newport comes herself of a family long famed in Scottish annals, for she is the daughter of Lord Aberdare, and, as Miss Margaret Bruce, she often helped her mother to entertain the rank and file of the Liberal party. As so often happens, the marriage formed a link between the two great opposing political camps, for Lord Newport was one of the secretaries of the late Lord Salisbury, and he has since filled the same responsible office to Mr. Balfour. He is clever and good looking, a first-rate amateur actor, and a fine singer of comic songs. Lady Newport is much

Photo by *Thomson*

Lady Newport

Whose marriage, last year, formed a link between the two opposing political parties. Lady Newport is the daughter of Lord Aberdare



Photos by

Mr. Rupert Gwynne

Eldest son of Mr. J. E. A. Gwynne, of Folkington Manor, Sussex

Thomson

Miss Stella Ridley

Daughter of the late Viscount Ridley, formerly Home Secretary

AN ENGAGEMENT OF INTEREST IN POLITICAL CIRCLES

Lady Hartopp, Lord Cowley, and the "Iron Duke"

blessed in the matter of lovely sisters-in-law, among them are Lady Dalkeith, Lady Sefton, and Lady Beatrice Pretyman.

Mr. Stanley Shoveller

In the South, when Hockey men congregate to discuss their favourite sport, one of the names most often brought up is that of Mr. Stanley Shoveller, the brilliant centre forward of the Hampstead Club. It was a real disappointment to many that he was debarred by illness from playing for England against Ireland, as he is a very pretty player to watch. Shoveller is undoubtedly the finest centre forward now playing hockey, and most critics consider him the best man who has ever pivoted a forward line. This year he has again proved a tower of strength to the Hampstead Club, and his marvellous dribbling and deadly shots are alike the despair and terror of opposing backs and goal-keepers.

Of Interest in Political Circles

The approaching marriage of Miss Stella Ridley, the pretty young daughter of the great Statesman who filled so admirably the difficult post of Home Secretary, is of great interest to politicians of all shades of thought and opinion. Miss Ridley is curiously connected with each of the great political parties. Her father was an honoured member of the Conservative Government, while her mother, the late Lady Ridley, one of the sweetest natured women who graced Victorian Society, was the sister of the present Lord Tweedmouth and of Lady Aberdeen. Miss Ridley had her youth sadly shadowed: first came the loss of a beloved mother, then that of an elder sister, and, lastly, very soon after his retirement from office, the premature death of Lord Ridley. As a child and very young girl, Miss Stella Ridley spent a great portion of each year at beautiful Cashiobury, which was rented by her parents from Lord Essex, but her ancestral home is at Blagdon, in Northumberland.

Copyright C. B. Fry's Magazine

Mr. Stanley Shoveller

Who plays hockey for the Hampstead Club, and is, undoubtedly, the finest centre forward now playing the game

Lady Hartopp

Through her mother, Mrs. Charles Wilson (*née* Miss Wellesley) Lady Hartopp is a great-great-granddaughter of the Earl of Mornington, a brother of the "Iron Duke"

Photo by *Bolak*

Sir Charles Hartopp (on the left)

Lord Cowley, who, with Lady Hartopp, decided not to defend the second Hartopp divorce action, is the great-great-grandson of Lord Mornington, brother of the Duke of Wellington. He is thus Lady Hartopp's fourth cousin

Mr. Rupert Gwynne

Mr. Rupert Gwynne, the future bridegroom of Miss Stella Ridley, is a barrister, and the eldest son and heir of the fortunate owner of Folkington—locally known as Follington — one of the most delightful estates near Eastbourne. Mr. Gwynne will, doubtless, in due course, enter political life. He will begin his married life in the church closely associated with the Houses of Parliament, for the wedding, which should bring together a most interesting concourse of notable people, will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on May 3, and will be one of the very few marriages celebrated that month.

The Prince of Monaco as a Naturalist

The Prince of Monaco has been much before the public of late. Accompanied by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, he opened the exhibition at Monte Carlo, preceding the boat races which have created such a stir in the world of motors. The Prince took the keenest interest in both racing and exhibits, showing that his attraction for all that pertains to the sea is not confined to the monsters which infest its depths. The scientific influence of the Prince in the realms of oceanography is not lightly to be estimated, and, as might be expected, in the course of his explorations on the high seas, he has come face to face with danger more than once. When cruising off Spitzbergen — where a large and unsuspected bay was discovered —he and his crew came very near shipwreck: the yacht running on the rocks, where she remained for five anxious days. Liberation involved a loss of nearly all her coal, and this brought the expedition to an untimely end!

To house the treasures he has collected, as well as to enable the savants to analyse and describe them properly, the Prince has built a Museum of Oceanography, the foundation-stone of which was laid at Monaco on April 25, 1899. Spacious

The Prince of Monaco—Oceanographer

General Booth and Staff in Jerusalem: The General is wearing a pith helmet

It is almost impossible to believe that General Booth is seventy-six, so full of energy and enthusiasm is he still, in the carrying out of his life's work. His latest exhibition of youthful fervour is to visit the Holy Land, and the reports of his travels, which appear in the *War Cry*, are followed eagerly each week by thousands of people who owe all that is bright in their lives to the good work done by the "General"

The Prince of Monaco in his Museum of Oceanography

The Prince is applying his vast wealth, which has accrued to him from the tables at Monte Carlo, to a scientific investigation of the treasures of the deep. The Museum of Oceanography, which he built at Monaco, contains spacious laboratories, one of which is seen in the illustration

Royalties on a Holiday

laboratories, as well as rooms for exhibition purposes, have been erected, and thus the fullest possible use can be made of the wondrous collections stored here. A view of one of the laboratories is given herewith.

The Prince of Monaco has made at least one public appearance in this country, inasmuch as in 1898 the members of the Royal Geographical Society had the privilege of hearing him discourse on some of the results which had been achieved by himself and his scientific staff.

The Sultan of Zanzibar

Our late visitor, the young Sultan of Zanzibar, owes much to his English training. He is now on way home with, it is stated, several very valuable concessions in his pocket, which will materially help him in his enlightened administration of his country. Seyyid Ali cherishes affectionate memories of his school-days at Harrow, where he was remarkably popular. He was sent to Mr. Bosworth Smith's house, and Mr. Smith, who is a great authority on all exotic peoples, took good care that his schoolfellows should

The Sultan of Zanzibar

Now on his way home after his visit to England

treat his uncompromisingly negro appearance with moderate courtesy. Schoolboys do not take, as a rule, to woolly, black hair, thick lips, and a dusky skin. They consider them bad form. Fortunately, Seyyid Ali played cricket rather well, and his cricket made them pardon his face. The King of Siam's children were at Harrow at the same time, too, and they took some of the chaff upon them. Seyyid Ali enjoyed his school-days immensely. Since then, the white influence has been kept alive in him by the watchful Mr. Rogers, who is the Premier of the Regency in which the Zanzibar Sultanate is vested until Seyyid Ali comes of age.

Life at Mar Lodge

An interesting birthday of last week was that of the little Lady Maud Duff, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and grand-daughter of the King. Both Lady Maud, who is now twelve, and her elder sister, Lady Alexandra, are great favourites with the Queen, who is never tired of having her little grand-daughters with her, though for the greater part of the year, their time is spent at

The German Empress in Italy: The arrival in Geneva

The Mediterranean, at the moment, seems to possess many charms as a cruising ground for Royal personages. Last Friday, King Edward joined the Queen at Marseilles, and on the same day the Kaiser and the German Empress were at Corfu. Meantime, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were in Rome. The tour of the German Empress included Italy

A Beautiful Highland Home

Mar Lodge, the Duke of Fife's magnificent hunting lodge in the Forest of Mar. It will be remembered that the old residence at Mar Lodge was destroyed by fire in July, 1896. The new building, the foundation-stone of which was laid by Queen Victoria, a few months after the older residence was burnt, is built of light coral-coloured granite, quarried on the estate. In fact, almost all the building materials are native, the timber being fir from the surrounding forests. The upper part of the gables, which give the house such a picturesque appearance, are of half timber construction, being plastered and harled with an outer coating of quartz from the Cairngorm mountains. Almost the only English materials used were the red English tiles. Mar Forest is famous for its deer, and the Duke of Fife, who is a keen sportsman, entertains exclusive hunting parties. All old Scottish customs are conscientiously observed, and members of the household and visitors alike are awakened every morning by the skirling of the bagpipes, played by kilted pipers. The Ladies Alexandra and Maud, like their mother, Princess Louise, are keen sportswomen, and join her in fishing and the many other outdoor sports in which she delights.

The Duke of Fife and his two daughters, the Ladies Alexandra and Maud Duff, about to start on a round on the link

Lady Maud Duff, who was twelve last week, is seen on the left. Both she and her sister, who are keen golfers, inherit their love of outdoor pastimes from their mother, Princess Louise

Photos by] **Mar Lodge, the Duke of Fife's home in the Highlands** [*W. and D. Downey*

The Forest of Mar is famous for its deer. The Lodge, shown in our illustration, was built in 1896, to replace the mansion destroyed by fire. It is built almost entirely of native materials, and has accommodation for a large number of guests

"Hamlet" at the Adelphi Theatre

(1)

(4)

(2)

Photo by Johnston and Hoffmann

Mr. H. B. Irving as Hamlet

(5)

(3)

1 Mr. Oscar Asche—The King

2 Mr. Walter Hampden—Laertes

3 Mr. E. Lyall Swete—Polonius

4 Miss Maud Milton—The Queen

5 Mr. Chas. Rock—First Gravedigger

6 Miss Lily Brayton—Ophelia

DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW

(6)

Random Jottings

The Latest Explanation

It turns out that what Russia has really been aiming at in the Far East is an alliance with Japan against England. This is why the Russian Generals have forborne to win victories, which, though they would have resulted in a little immediate prestige, might have embittered the Japanese, and made any friendly feeling impossible. Now we know.

No Hurry

Under these circumstances, of course, there is no hurry about peace. The more the Japanese win, the friendlier they will be in the end; and in the meanwhile, Russia is enjoying all the pleasurable emotion that is bound to accompany unselfishness.

An Apple of Discord

The question of whether they will have to surrender the island of Saghalien—in the interests of peace—is still perturbing Russian Statesmen. The island is a convict settlement, and eminently suited to the Japanese. But, naturally, it is one of the *pieds à terre*, which it is very hard for a great country to dispense with.

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR

"His words had made battalions quake"
—*W. M. Praed*

Brightening a Week

It was surely a happy thought for the Kaiser to go to Morocco last week, and set everybody by the ears. The week was a dull one, take it all round. Peace between Russia and Japan was being discussed, and the only crisis—a very mild one—was in Crete, unless we count the Hungarian crisis, which is perennial. Nothing seemed to be happening at all, and we waited for the first cuckoo. The Kaiser came to a dull world's rescue by landing at Tangier.

The Only Fear

Diplomatists may shake their heads, but the effects of the Kaiser's interference will probably fizzle out in due course. A Morocco-German *entente cordiale* is hardly likely to spoil that between France and England; and Muley, the Sultan's uncle, who seems to have received most of the Kaiser's confidences, would be a donkey if he trusted to them overmuch. The only fear is that the Sultan himself, after being treated in such a free-and-equal man-to-man spirit may take it upon himself to emulate Wilhelm. Then Moroccan poets will be instructed in the art of verse; and Moroccan camel-drivers in the art of camel-driving. And if they do not mend, they will be in danger (since Reforms are to be conducted—by the Kaiser's advice—in the Oriental manner) of impalement. Oriental reforms have usually been a little painful to the Reformed.

A Compliment to the Stage

The *rapprochement* of Church and Stage is likely to be hastened by the Bishop of Rochester's recent declaration that "the dramatic impulse is too deep for me to believe that it is nothing but an instrument of Satan." Actors have held a similar belief for some time, of course, but they have rarely ventured to express it in such uncompromising terms.

The Meaning of Incognito

Incognito—in Europe—has lost its original meaning, so far as potentates are concerned. They can only be incognito in a conventional sense—the sense in which they are at liberty to decline illuminated addresses, when they stop at stations, and royal salutes from innumerable guns, when they are anxious to slumber. They cannot—and they do not—hope to escape notice altogether, even though they travel as simple archdukes when they are really Emperors, or as mere marquises when they are actually crown-princes. They know that it is impossible that they should go far without being recognised.

The President's Experiment

In America, however, there is still, it seems, a possibility of travelling unknown, however great you are; and President Roosevelt is going to try it. He will—says a contemporary—literally disappear among the Rockies for a few weeks. Only his secretary will know of his whereabouts, and it will be a real holiday for everyone except the bears whom the President will shoot.

A WOMAN'S REASON

"Oh, policeman, do stop them bad, wicked, *cruel* boys from tyin' that kettle to that pore dog's tail"

"Is it your dog?"

"No, it's my kettle"

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

Will it Succeed?

All right-minded people will wish him success in this experiment. It is much better than travelling incognito as an arch-duke — or, perhaps, an oil-king would be the American equivalent. At the same time, if American reporters are what we take them to be, the President will not carry through his scheme without a struggle.

Teddy Trailed—by our Special Representative.
How a Massachusetts Sub. Rounded-up Roosevelt.

These are the sort of headings that may be expected for the next few weeks in the freest Press in the world. They suggest a fine picture of the President going down to drink at some mountain pool at twilight, and the newspaper men lying amid the rushes with note-books and pencils and cameras—ready to notify an anxious Republic that the President is right there, and no error about it.

A Forecast

Army Advertisements.

("It is thought that, as the present recruiting system is unsatisfactory, and out of date, advertisement may be tried instead." For example:)

1. A Colonel, having several VACANCIES in his regiment, is ready to consider applications. Candidates must be 5 ft. 2 in., sober and willing. Refs. unnecessary. Call or write. Col. Mopes, Aldershot.

2. Does the Ordinary Silk-hat give you a headache? Join the Guards, and wear a *Brodrick cap*. Nursemaids like it. Apply in person. Whitehall.

3. "How to Become a Field-Marshal." Write for Booklet. Post-free. Fine work, fine pay. Nothing simpler. Corporal C. writes: "After reading your book, I took the King's shilling, and have *never* regretted it. The pay is excellent, and, though I have served only two years, I am already on my way to the top rung of the ladder. Shall always be thankful I gave up plumbing."

4. GUNS! GUNS! GUNS! We shall shortly be having one of the nicest sets of guns on record, and will give all applicants instruction in the same, free of charge. Remember Waterloo, and write to Arnold-Forster—Pall Mall.

5. VOLUNTEERS—WANTED. A few men only. Must be bright, brainy, and contented to learn with old tools. Sober uniform. Suit students. Also, a few men for MILITIA. Temporary. Riding not essential, but ability to cling to horse's mane a recommendation. Apply *Dulce et Decorum*, Pall Mall.

6. GIDDINESS, BACKACHE, or RHEUMATISM cured by joining Royal Artillery. Or try Intelligence Department. Knowledge of three R's imperative. Etc.

Can He Keep a Secret?

"A Chicago University Professor has discovered how to restore life to cats that have been asphyxiated for over twenty minutes." It is thought, however, that if representations are made to him from influential quarters, he may be persuaded to guard the secret.

A GAME THAT DID NOT PLEASE THE CRITICS

Photo by *Russell*

Association Football: England defeat Scotland at the Crystal Palace by one goal to nil

This game has been severely jumped upon by the critics, who declared that England snatched a victory more by luck than merit. Bache's goal was the result of a magnificent shot, but it was, to say the least of it, unexpected

From Abroad

Photo by *Frith*

The Earthquake in Lahore: Runjeet Singh's Tomb, which was damaged

Runjeet Singh, who was known as the "Lion of the Punjaub," was a firm ally of the British. He was the ancestor of the present Dhuleep Singhs, one of whom, Prince Victor, married Lady Anne Coventry. The famous Koh i-Noor diamond was "procured" by Runjeet Singh, in 1813 from an Afghan prince, as the recompense for assistance given in a war

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The fatal railway accident on the Paris-Limoges Railway

One passenger, the engine-driver, and the stoker were killed in the accident to the express, which occurred near Areneil recently, owing to the engine leaving the metals. Our illustration shows the débris after a fire had consumed all the woodwork of the train

SUNNY ALGECIRAS

THE NEW SPRING RESORT RECENTLY VISITED BY THE QUEEN

Algeciras: The Garden of the Reina Christina Hotel

This hotel, recently honoured by a visit from the Queen, immediately faces Gibraltar, and commands a magnificent view of the Bay and Straits, with their never-ending procession of the world's shipping

Gibraltar and Green Island, as seen from Algeciras

From Algeciras the Rock assumes that appearance of a vast human body laid out on its back and covered with a winding sheet, which has caused the Spaniards to call it "El Cuerpo"

Photos by] **Where the Queen stayed at Algeciras: The Reina Christina Hotel** [*Archer*

This hotel, situated amid beautiful sub-tropical gardens, is an English enterprise. Her Majesty was given an escort of two gendarmes at Algeciras, and the Royal party, which included Sir George White, Governor of Gibraltar, were afforded much amusement when the escort suddenly scuttled away after a band of urchins who were in the roadway

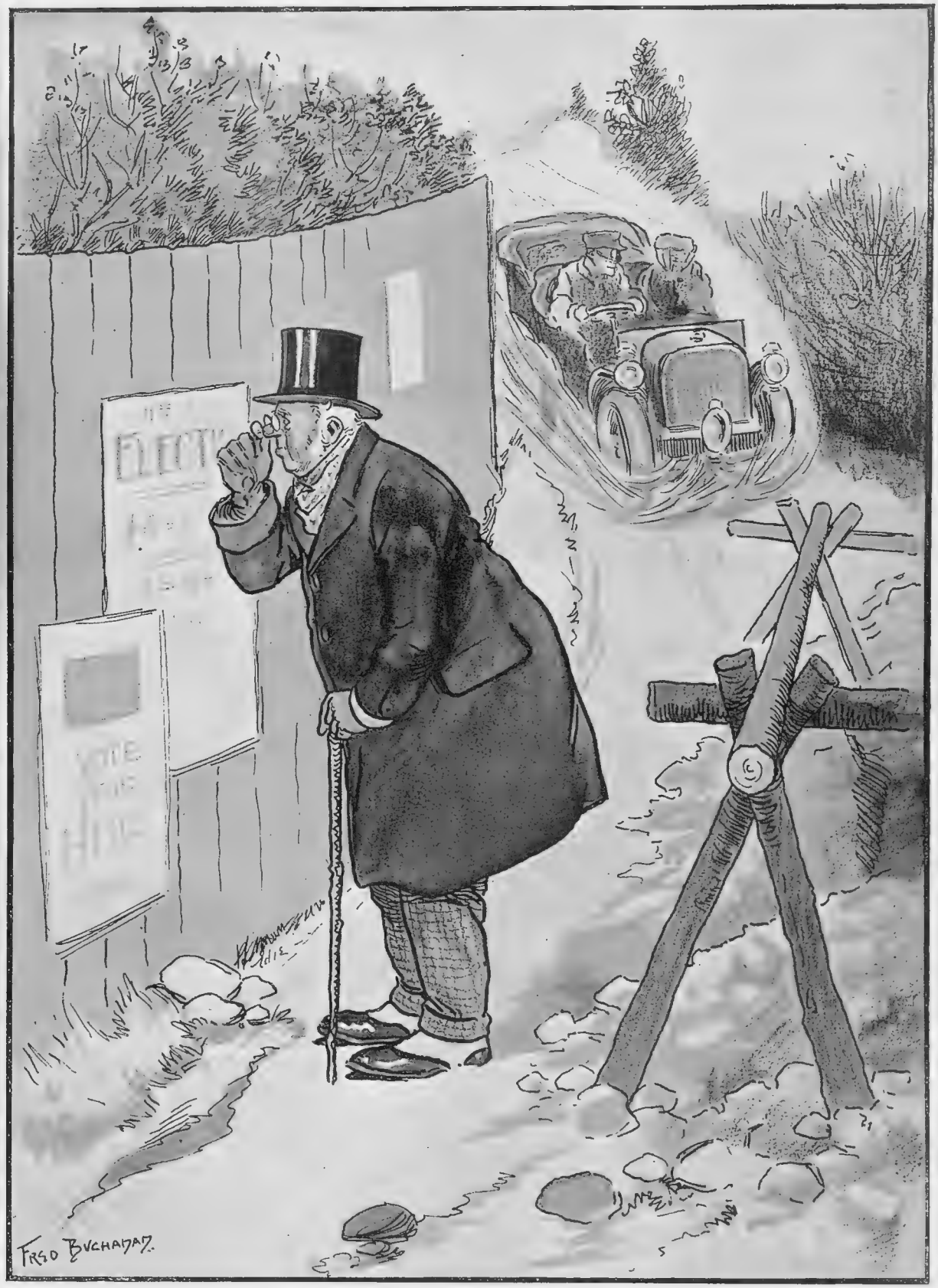
Gibraltar: The Southport Gate

This gate was built by that most powerful of mediæval monarchs, Charles V., whose arms can be seen in our illustration. Outside the gate, and to the left, lies the small Trafalgar Cemetery, which contains the graves of many British sailors who fell at Trafalgar. Our readers will remember the Kaiser's recent remarks on the Key to the Mediterranean: "It is grand, like everything English. I am not surprised at Gibraltar being impregnable"

Photos by] **An old street at Algeciras** [*Archer*

The streets in Algeciras, unlike those in most Spanish towns, are well paved and tolerably clean. The houses have low balconies and closely latticed w.ndows, which not only prevent those outside from looking in, but almost prevent those inside from seeing out. The little rounded profile in the corner is that of a typical Algeciran boy

GIBRALTAR AND ALGECIRAS, RECENTLY VISITED BY THE QUEEN



A POLITICAL ALLEGORY

POLITICAL PESSIMIST: "Dear, dear! I wonder what will happen next?"

[SPEEDY DISSOLUTION, TO JUDGE BY THE PRE-OCCUPATION OF THE MAN AT THE HELM]

CONCERNING LORD MILNER

(NO. 71 OF THE SERIES)

A good many million gallons of water have run down the bed of the Vaal since Sir Alfred Milner, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., went out to take up his duties as Governor of the Cape of Good Hope and High Commissioner for South Africa. In those days, to the sanguine among his many friends and admirers, every prospect pleased, and only the late Mr. Kruger was, relatively, vile: while even the pessimists about South Africa were bound to admit that the appointment of Milner was perhaps the most promising that could have been made. That was in 1897. He was in that already far-off time reputed a Liberal in politics, and regarded by all as an administrative genius. In eight years his *dossiers* in the newspaper-cutting agencies have grown fat: his fame has developed strangely. To some he is the greatest living servant of the Empire. Others will have it that he is the villain of the Imperial drama. At least there can be no doubt, in the mind of all who know their fellow-creatures, that he has given up these years of his life wholly to the work set him, and laboured at it with an energy and a devotion that none could surpass. "Six years of slavery" was his own account of his stewardship in 1903.

This extraordinary man is just fifty-one. He was one of the first to prove to us that we had definitely escaped from the recent period, in which no man under sixty was regarded as capable of much good or much harm in a national sense. Nowadays, what with our Curzons, our Marconis, our Winston-Churchills, our Winnington Ingrams, and all our other infant prodigies of art, letters, science, and statecraft, Lord Milner might well pass for a greybeard. But less than two years ago he was considered lively enough to be offered the Colonial Secretaryship; and who doubts that it will come within his reach again?

Where Lord Milner is, there, as everyone knows, is Balliol. To-day, that spirit can no more be evaded than death. The lean white bear hath seen it, as Mr. Kipling says; the desert-dust hath dimmed it; the basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross. And Lord Milner has carried Balliol as far afield as most people. First it went with him to the Common-room of New College, and to the Inner Temple: and it spent three busy years with him on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the remarkable editorship of Mr. Stead. It helped him to contest the Harrow Division in 1885, and perhaps to get beaten. It did something, no doubt, to recommend him for the post of Private Secretary to that learned Oxford man, Lord Goschen, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. It accompanied him to Egypt as Under-Secretary for Finance, and held his hand while he wrote his only book, "England in Egypt." It sat with him in the Chair of the Board of Inland Revenue, and, finally, it went with him to the Cape. One of the most serious of the complaints of those he has ruled over in South Africa is that he brought out too many Balliol men.

Lord Milner loves cigars, hates noise, and finds time to keep a dog: but he is too hard-working a man to have gone much beyond this in the developing of the side-issues of personality. He has a brain, and a brain that has been overworked for eight years. But it has pulled South Africa through the war, and set it up as a going concern again, and few men have ever come back to England, as Lord Milner is coming now, with such a record as that.

THE VANGUARD

A City springs up in the morning—
And where the mimosa tree grew,
The smoke of perpetual chimneys
Is clouding the arid Karroo;
A fortune awaits the "promoters"—
But still—with a crick in his spine,
Working hard with a pick—getting whisky on tick—
Is the Man who Discovered the Mine.

A Railway runs up through the desert
By the line of a once-trodden trail,
And the ploughshare and reaping-hooks follow—
The battery-stamps and the flail—
Till the plain that the locusts avoided
Has exports of thousands a year—
Did you notice that lonely red ant-heap? That's only
The grave of the First Pioneer.

By the mouth of a dip in the Ranges
The bugles are sounding a blast—
The Standard is waving in triumph—
The tribesmen are cornered at last.
The Staff get their "Orders" in dozens,
The Empire's decidedly gay—
But shot through the head—undeniably dead—
Is the Beggar who Showed 'em the Way.

Now you that go North with the traders,
Or you that go East with the flag—
Or South with the red-eyed prospectors—
Or West with a gun and the Bag—
In any new tracks that you follow
Oh say! Have you happened to hear
That even one man ever reaped in the Van
What Isaacstein did in the Rear?

MACDONALD HASTINGS.

" Welcome, Milner "

DRAWN BY E. KRONSTRAND

OUR SHORT STORY

MOLLY'S MARRIAGE

By ANNIE OLDMEADOW

Edgar Bax had just dined. The maid had noiselessly placed at the right angle to his easy chair a smoking table. His yellow-shaded reading lamp, throwing into dimness the severity of his sombre old-fashioned chambers, gave a cheerful signal to the dusky square below; and through the open window came the soothing trot of hansoms, only broken at odd intervals by the rasp of a horse's stumbling hoof. The evening hung peaceful without and cosy within, but Edgar Bax's mind had little tranquility. He seemed unable to put down a letter which he held in his hand. He read and re-read it anxiously, and each time with fuller displeasure.

Without warning, the door was suddenly flung open, and an agitated figure swept into the circle of light thrown by the lamp.

"I saw you from the square, and came straight up. Luckily, no one was about. What do you think of a sixty-mile motor run in one morning?"

The figure was that of a tall, elegant girl, who, as she spoke, loosened from her hat a motor veil which had been gathered across her face, rosy as a cherub's with warmth and excitement.

She was a beautiful girl—and knew it.

Bax stood up awkwardly, and offered his chair. She refused it by a gesture, passed over to the mantelpiece, then back to him again.

"I don't see the tickets! You got my letter? Edgar, you did it for us?"

"Here are the tickets," he said, slowly, and drew from his pocket two sets of travelling coupons in leather cases. But he did not hand them to her. "Molly, I want to talk to you," he added.

"There isn't time. Richard and I leave Charing Cross at nine. Besides, the sooner I leave your rooms the better for us all—it's compromising!"

"Are you married?"

"What a brutal question! Yes, I am ——," she smiled softly, and moved out of the lamplight. "This morning! I left mother at Madame Clichet's—the old nuisance who's always writing round to her about something—and said I would walk home through the Park. Richard was waiting, with his car, at Gloucester Gate. Whee! You should have seen that innocent motor (we put on a false number) pursued by all the constables in Middlesex. Dick had put our names up at a little church—I'll not tell you *where*—and has lived the 'three worst weeks of his life,' as he calls them, in the neighbourhood. Thirty miles there, thirty miles back, and I am sure every word in the Prayer Book, before one o'clock! All through lunch Charles was glowering at me. 'Moll does look a wreck,' and so on. Mother prescribed a glass of Vermouth before meals for a month—one of Clichet's fads. At any rate, it gave me the excuse of a headache. On the strength of it, I packed two Gladstone bags in peace in my room this afternoon. Went through dinner, which, luckily, is early this month on account of our Opera box, feeling as weak as a cat, with Charles 'fixing' me like the Sphinx (only I had the secret!), and papa full of Billy Birkett and his millions—praising him up instead of wishing him in the sea, millions and all tied round his neck. Heavens, what a day! After dinner, I confided in that silly Spencer. She'll give me away, but what could I do? She bundled me and my traps into a hansom, wiped off a tear, and took care to hear the address I gave the cabby—your address! So you see there's no time to lose over 'gonversation,' as the Clichet would say."

"Where is Richard?"

"Oh, he landed me in Kensington, and rushed off. He had that horrid appointment with his Chief. He had to keep it to be free at nine to-night."

"Have you the . . . your marriage certificate?"

"Edgar, you are detestable! There!—'Margaret Patricia Donamon, spinster,' and all the rest of it. Now are you satisfied? Give me the tickets."

Edgar Bax frowned and persisted.

"Look here, Molly, we've known each other all our lives—you don't mind straight from the shoulder? No? Then why this scandal, this secrecy, this upsetting of all our usual habits"—he paused for language, and spread out his hands speechless. Molly Donamon laughed, but rather hysterically, as she began to draw her veil once more round her face.

"I told you why, in my letter. I will not be compelled to give up Richard for that tiresome fossil, Billy Birkett—as Charles disrespectfully calls him, whilst expecting me to marry the brute—even though he were a millionaire ten times over. It's too bad of my people to try and force me. Once for all, last month, papa told Richard he would never give his consent to our marriage. Nowadays, when everyone is so independent, and Richard does not even wish for settlements, it sounds ridiculous to talk of 'consents'; but I have a conscience, Edgar, though you think me a wicked woman! I want to do things decently and in order, only my family won't let me. You promised Richard last night at the Club you would help us, and that was why I wrote you this morning asking you to get the tickets. I knew Dick would not reach Charing Cross till a half-minute to nine; he's in the clutches of Sir Edward."

Bax handed over the tickets silently.

"You don't approve. But what else could we do?"

(Continued on page 81)

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"Hamlet" at the Adelphi

The King
(*Mr. Oscar Asche*)

Photo by *Biograph Studio*

Ophelia (*Miss Lily Brayton*) **Hamlet** (*Mr. H. B. Irving*) **The Queen** (*Miss Maud Milton*) **Polonius** (*Mr. Lyall Swete*)

OPHELIA: "The King rises"
HAMLET: "What, frightened with false fire!"

QUEEN: "How fares my lord?"
KING: "Give me some light: away!"

"Du Barri" at the Savoy

Photo by *Bassano*

Mme. Du Barri (*Mrs. Brown-Potter*) **Louis XV.** (*Mr. Gilbert Hare*)

Louis XV. attend. the Levée of Mme. Du Barri

Mr. Tree's Academy

A PROMISING RECRUIT TO THE STAGE

Photo by *Stage Pictorial Publishing Company*

Mr. Charles Maude **Miss Darragh**

Lady Ben, recently produced at the Comedy Theatre, did not, unfortunately, hit the popular taste, but it will be remembered for the opportunity it gave to two young graduates from Mr. Tree's Academy—Mr. Charles Maude and Miss Betty Callish—to distinguish themselves. Mr. Maude played a juvenile rôle with grace and earnestness. Possessed of a fine presence, he has already a sense of the stage

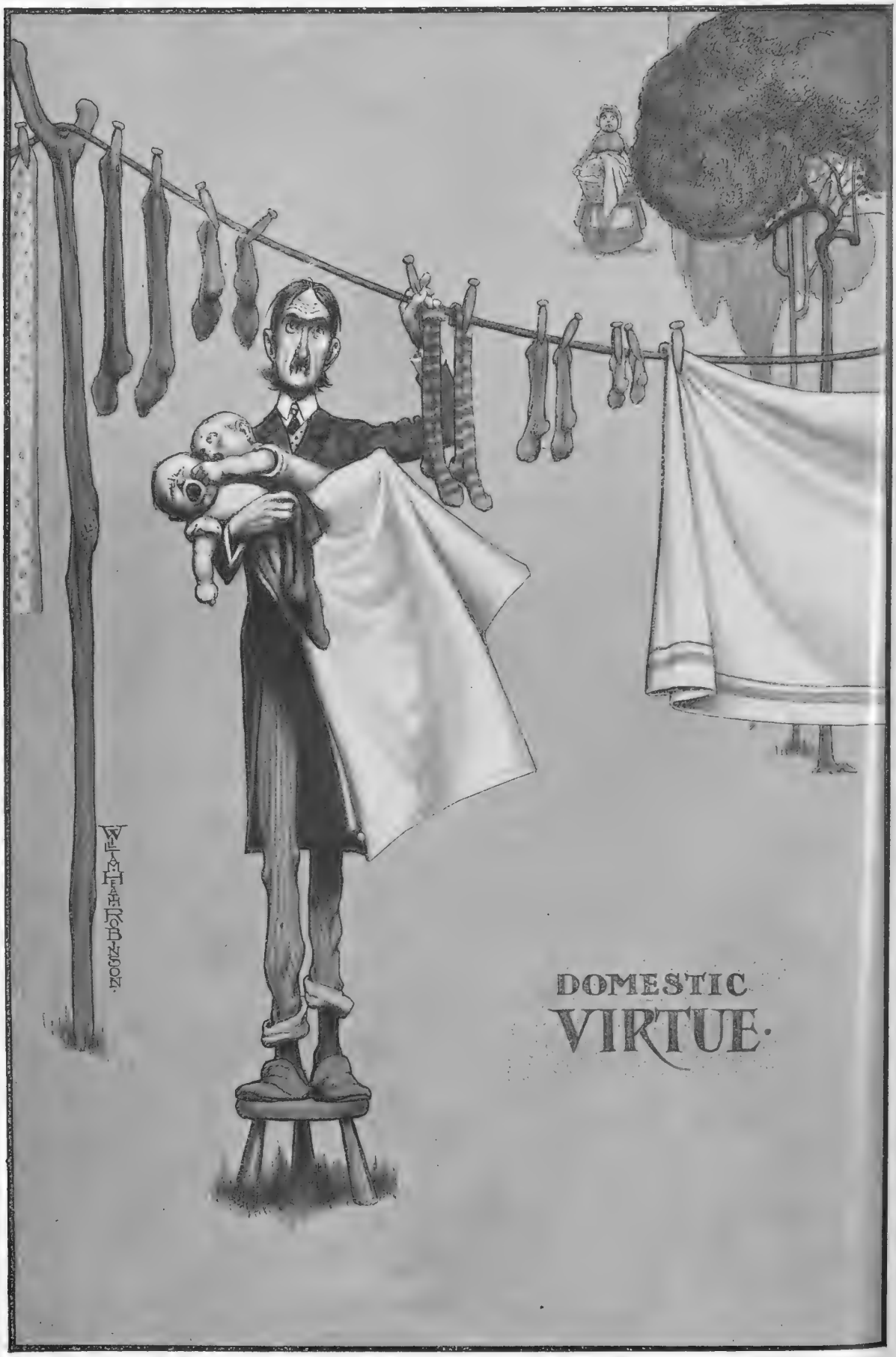
Mr. Tree's Academy

A PROMISING RECRUIT TO THE STAGE

Photo by Miss Betty Callish Mr. Frank Ccoper *Stage Pictorial Publishing Company*

The hit made by Miss Betty Callish in the part of a saucy French maid in *Lady Ben* was most pronounced. Hearty laughter greeted her impudent sallies, and the slyness of the character was expressed in a manner very creditable to a beginner. Miss Callish has an unmistakable gift for light comedy

The Whimsicalities of W. Heath Robinson



(Continued from page 76)

"Wait," he answered, laconically.

"Wait! We've been waiting for years! And now Dick has got this appointment, my family must be shown that I will not be sold to Billy Birkett. What pretty tickets! Will they take us all the way to Rome? Thanks so much!" She glanced carelessly through the books of tickets, then, laying them down on the table, turned to more adjusting of the long blue veil. Bax merely nodded. Molly looked at him as if in a moment's perplexity, then she shook her head independently, and pushed open the door.

"You might wish me luck," she pouted. Something in his sad composure silenced her for a moment, and in that very moment there floated up the stairs the sound of a man's voice.

"Thanks! I'll go up," it said.

Molly's hand on the door trembled. She leaned backwards towards Bax, and uttered one word:

"Charles!"

The two gazed at each other aghast, and in the silence came the sound of an ascending footstep.

"Let me hide!" she gasped.

"Where? I've no cupboards large enough—there's no curtain—here! My bedroom—it can't be helped! I'm so sorry; he'll soon go!" Bax opened the door, and, with a swirl of skirts, Molly was out of sight. As he gently closed the door after her, his own door swung open, and a young man entered.

Charles Donamon's long face, dark hair, and blue-grey eyes, were unmistakably Irish. He was well tailored, and his long coat hung over his evening clothes. Taking his stand on the hearth-rug, he surveyed the room. Bax, who had opened his lips to speak, changed his mind, and poured out a whisky and soda.

"Your hand's shaky, Bax," said Donamon, his Irish eyes, seeming to notice nothing, keenly alert. "For me? Thanks! You need one yourself."

"Been a bit off colour the last week," said Bax, pouring out a second whisky with more calm, and retaking his chair by the window. It was deliciously cool and still out of doors. The tall elms of the square rose in dark, massy puffs against the clear sky, and from neighbouring streets came the deadened murmur of traffic. The only vehicle to be seen in the square was a crawling hansom, topped by two travelling bags.

"So have I, old man," answered Donamon. "Going out to-night?"

"No," said Bax, drawing out his watch. It was ten minutes past eight. "Hope to Heaven he'll go soon," he thought. "There'll be a scramble for the nine o'clock."

Charles Donamon walked across the room in great deliberation, paused by the table, then suddenly turned with a brisk movement and closed the door.

"There's something on my mind, Bax," he said.

"Um!" grunted Bax, striking a match, which fizzled out in an angry flame. Her struck another, and lit a cigarette. It was growing dark quickly outside, and the trail of the crawling hansom had an ominous sound. He got up, and turned to close the window

"Leave it open!" exclaimed Donamon, "it reminds me of another window! Bax, did I ever tell you about my great grandmater?"

"No, Donamon, you didn't. I can live fairly happily without the yarn." Bax kicked the legs of his chair viciously, then began a slow walk to and fro in front of the bedroom door. On the other side of it must be, trembling, Molly. It was delicious to think how he was protecting her, and what a dullard Donamon was, not to feel his sister's presence from the brightness of the room. It had never seemed so warm and radiant before. So dreamed Bax, under an exterior of frosty unapproachableness—but the warning trail of the crawler was too nerve-destroying altogether.

"It's soon told," went on Donamon, quietly. "Molly is touched up a bit by the tale, so you'd better know it. My grandam—two generations back—was thought a beauty, swanking sort of way with her, and Irish eyes, but I'll cut all that. At fifteen, she had a dream of a tall chap with a high hat, a plait tied with a ribbon, and a sword—the ordinary gallant of the eighteenth century—and—more's the pity, for his family had little blood—my great-grandad. She made up her mind that this was the man she was fated to marry, and when he turned up—plait, sword, and all—before she was eighteen, it was as easy as whistling up a groom for him to win her heart. He was the man of her dream—nothing else mattered. But her old pater thought differently. He found the fellow no sufficient match for his handsome daughter, shut her up, and would have none of it, the end of it all being that the happy couple eloped in a rumbling coach that fought its way to the nearest town through a gale fit to send an ironclad to the bottom. My ancestors found the quietest inn in the town, a parson, and a room that had windows overlooking the street, for pursuit was to be expected. There they settled to billing and cooing, and forgot to look out of the window. As for the great-uncles—there were four of 'em, full of devilment—they each turned to a point of the compass. Capture was certain. My great-uncle Patrick traced the couple to their town, but he seems to have been baffled at first. One day, walking down a quiet street, whom should he see up in a window but my grandam, blooming as ever, shaking her kerchief and shawl out of the window as if avenging brothers had never been heard of. In goes Pat; there are screams from the wenches, slight opposition from the guinea-stuffed landlord, and then upstairs goes the brother. He opens the door, walks straight in. There are the two—fairly trapped! Out comes Patrick's pistol. 'Show me the marriage "lines" or you're a dead man!' he cries."

Donamon paused abruptly. A strange silence seemed to have fallen over the room, and Bax felt his own words full of a curious apprehension as he asked, "And had he the marriage 'lines'?"

"He had, or he'd have rotted with the crows! And where are yours?" cried Donamon, suddenly whipping out a revolver from his pocket, and levelling it at Bax's head. "Don't stir, or you're a dead man! Yes, I'm mad. It's no good squealing; you and myself will be done for before they can hear. Where is your marriage certificate? Where is my sister?"

Bax had blanched a moment, before a shock of horror which kept him motionless, as Donamon drew slowly backwards, his revolver still levelled at Bax's head, and picked up something from the table. Then he drew himself together, and, folding his hands behind his back, faced Donamon firmly.

"I know nothing of your sister," he said.

"Liar! Her cab is in the square. It was got for her by an ass of a woman-servant, who only needed a quid to tell me her mistress had driven to this address—married only this morning to some cur. Molly came here! Molly is here!"

"Yes, I see you know all. She was here—she is gone—they leave Liverpool Street—Continental train. I'm not the lucky man," he added bitterly.

"A fine tale," sneered Donamon. "Where do these come in? Two first-classes to Rome—*viâ* Liverpool Street, I suppose!" and he held up the little cases which Molly had left on the table in her rush to a hiding-place.

Bax gave way with a little sigh. It was no good saying more.

"That pricks your bubble," remarked Donamon, with satisfaction. "Now, open that door!" and he pointed to the bedroom door, in front of which Bax was standing.

"Madman!" he said. "I've already told you that you sister is not here."

"Open that door!"

"Not for a thousand revolvers!"

"I ask you for the last time. Open that door!"

"Never!"

"Then your blood's on your own head!"

As Donamon drew back the trigger, the door behind Bax was violently wrenched open. The sudden action threw out Donamon's aim. There was a loud crack, a scream, and then sudden silence. Bax, unharmed, rushed towards Molly, who, staggering to a chair, fell into it, both hands pressed against her side.

"Beast! See your work!" exclaimed Bax, in terrible anger, as Donamon threw himself at his sister's side.

"Will you both see me die?" gasped Molly, between moans of pain. "Edgar, water! Charles, a surgeon! Run, for mercy's sake."

Donaman looked at Bax. He had rushed to the syphon for soda water, the only water in the room.

"The other side of the square—No. 26—Dr. Smythe," he cried, wrestling with the syphon.

"Charles—as you love me—run!" moaned Molly, bending herself to and fro. Donamon sprang to his feet and fled down the stairs. When the echoes of his footsteps were heard in the street Molly stood up. In a moment she had picked up the scattered tickets and made for the door, but there she turned back.

"What's the time?" she exclaimed.

Edgar Bax gasped in amazement.

"Molly! Your wound! Are you——?"

"Dead? No——only not a girl to be fooled by a melodramatic goose of a brother. What's the time?"

"Thank heaven! One word—I'd have died for you, Molly," and he sprang to her side.

"I know you would, you dearest old brick! Now, what's the time?"

"I'll never say it again, but I love you, Molly!"

"Well, you've shown it. May I know the time? We shall be retrapped by Charles."

He groaned and pulled out his watch.

"Twenty minutes to nine," he said.

The room was empty.

Bax followed her flying figure downstairs. Before he could overtake her, she was out on the pavement, and across to the hansom. At the same moment, a huge door across the square swung open, and a blazing hall-lamp illumined the stone steps. On it could be seen the tragic figure of Charles Donamon, wrestling with the dulness of a stolid manservant. Bax saw he had mistaken the house, and reached the hansom side as Molly was directing the cabman.

"Here's a letter," she exclaimed, leaning out to Bax. "I meant to post it from Paris, but I can't leave you empty-handed with that boy, he'd believe nothing you said." Then, as the cab disappeared in the night:

"Tell him the marriage certificate is inside!"

ANNIE OLDMEADOW.

A Ballad of Spring Fashions!

I.

Fair ladies, I'm dying to know
What you will select as your gear,
And which are the colours you'll show
Your "slaves" this particular year?
Nothing ugly, I hope, will appear,
Long dresses, or any such thing,
Nor sleeves at which rustics will jeer—
May the Fashions be pretty this Spring!

II.

Will *Mushrooms* this year be the "go"?
Or "Motors"—they're trying, I fear?
"Torpedo" shapes puzzle us so,
Their beauty is not very clear.
To the sterner sex, blouses are dear;
When smart, a *Te Deum* we sing.
Don't let them be dowdy or queer—
May the Fashions be pretty this Spring!

III.

Short skirts, as you glide to and fro,
Don't pick up the microbes, we hear,
The shorter the better, I trow,
They don't then impede your career!
As to boots, I'm a rank mutineer,
When May will be soon in full swing,
But my love for tanned shoes is sincere—
May the Fashions be pretty this Spring!

ENVOI

Oh, girls, spurn not man that is "mere,"
And remember to *colours* we cling!
So, never don garments austere—
May the Fashions be pretty this Spring!

F. B. DOVETON.

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter VIII.—A TEA-HOUSE IN CEYLON

"The guide-book is about as correct as a musical comedy about their good looks—but I'm quite glad I came"

"Resting" on a Ranch

MME. MODJESKA'S BEAUTIFUL HOME IN ORANGE CO., CALIFORNIA

Mme. Modjeska standing by the well at her Californian home

A pleasant summer-house in mid-tree

Mme. Modjeska at Home

Cracow is the birthplace of the great Polish tragedienne, Helena Modjeska-Chlapowska, and it was in her own country that she made her début in 1861, but since her appearance in San Francisco, sixteen years later, her professional career has been spent in the United States. After a triumphant appearance in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, she returned

Mme. Modjeska's beautiful Californian home, Arden, El Toro, Orange Co., California

A glimpse of Arden, Mme. Modjeska's home, through the trees

to her own country to fulfil engagements, and has played in Austria and Russia. From the latter country, however, she is now debarred from acting by imperial decree, a ban which reflects more credit on the victim than upon the authorities who imposed it.

Mme. Modjeska has paid two visits to London, appearing in leading Shakespearean rôles. Her repertory also included Camille, Mary Stuart, and other classics of the stage. When "resting"—that euphonious and comprehensive term which covers the recreations of the independent great and the struggles of the lesser lights to obtain an engagement—Mme. Modjeska repairs to her beautiful ranch, Arden, El Toro, in Orange County, California. The stage is a hard life, but, to judge by our illustrations, it holds for some a meed of compensation.

"In the forest of Arden," El Toro

TWO VIEWS OF ARDEN, EL TORO, MME. MODJESKA'S BEAUTIFUL RANCH IN CALIFORNIA

A FATAL FENCING ACCIDENT IN A FRENCH SCHOOL

One of the best fencing schools in France was the scene, the other day, of a fatal accident. Two good fencers were having a bout with the *épée*. During the combat, one of the men threw himself forward on to the point of his adversary's steel, which pierced the stiff jacket, and entered his chest. Accidents of this sort are exceedingly rare, only four or five of them having happened in fifty years

DRAWN BY FREDERIC RÉGAINCY

The late Lord Wantage, V.C., like all the Lindsays, was a man of cultivated taste, and took special pride in the fine collection of pictures which came to him and his wife from her father. He made many valuable additions to it—notably a pair of splendid Turner's; and the handsome catalogue, which he printed for private circulation, is now to be published in a limited edition by Messrs. Bell. It is melancholy to remember that Lord Wantage—"the bravest fellow in the world, and the straightest man in the Army," as a high military authority once described him—left no son to inherit all these treasures, as well as his own noble qualities. Only a little over half a century ago, when he was not much more than a boy, he was winning his V.C. on the heights of Alma, carrying the colours of the 1st Battalion of the Scots (Fusilier) Guards. Many a fine regiment had its line broken that day, and even the famous Scots were thrown into temporary disorder; but Captain Lindsay stood firm as a rock, holding up his colours as the rallying-point for all. "His commanding appearance, his energy, and his example at once restored order, and the men advanced as if on parade." Subsequently he became one of the founders of the Volunteer movement and the National Rifle Association, and for many years was one of the most influential of the "Service" members of the House of Commons.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's new romance, *May Margaret*, is to be published in book form by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton when it has finished its serial course in the *Graphic*. The new heroine is proving an excellent addition to Mr. Crockett's long gallery of Galloway maidens, and has the additional merit of being, to a large extent, true to life. For "May Margaret" is the famous Fair Maid of Galloway, whose adventurous and romantic life is here told in her own words, Mr. Crockett having edited the papers which were found among the archives of Philip Herault de Douglas, originally written in the North English or Scots Lallan tongue by Margaret Douglas herself. A great part of the story is, accordingly, laid in the Grey Galloway, which, for literary purposes, Mr. Crockett long ago conquered and annexed.

Books to Order

GENERAL LITERATURE

A Mother of Tsars. A Sketch of the Life of Marie Feodorowna, wife of Paul I., and Mother of Alexander I. and Nicholas I. By Mr. Colquhoun Grant. (Murray: 12*s.* net.)

A Modern Utopia. By H. G. Wells. The last of the three books containing Mr. Wells's views on the Society of the Future. (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Miniatures. By Dudley Heath. A new volume in the "Connoisseur's Library." (Methuen: 25*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

The Millionaire Baby. By Anna Katherine Green, Author of "The Leavenworth Case." (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

Fond Adventures: Tales of the Youth of the World. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

The Conscience of a King. By Archibald C. Gunter. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

A Dreamer's Harvest. By Mount Thomas. (Greening: 6*s.*)

Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard, who is a D.S.O., as well as a distinguished author, is rapidly mounting up a bibliography which is even more varied than that of his better-known, younger brother, Mr. Rider Haggard. A new novel by him has lately been published by Mr. Long, but he is a minor poet, and popular historian, as well as a novelist, though his best work has probably been done in two books of French history—"Sidelights on the Court of France," and "Louis XIV. in Court and Camp." To these he is adding a companion volume, which Messrs. Hutchinson will publish under the title, *The Regent of the Roués*. Here, Colonel Haggard deals with France under the Regency of Phillippe, Duc d'Orleans, the nephew of Louis XIV., when the little boy king, Louis XV., might just as well have not existed, so full and complete was the Regent's rule. Though less despotic and more peaceful than the late previous infamous reign, the Regency was still a period of scandalous corruption, both in morals and politics, and there is no lack of good material for a readable book on the subject.

"The Deluded Sportsman," by a bookmaker, is the trump card of a book entitled *Betting and Gambling: A National Evil*, which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing under the editorship of Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree. It is a pity that the writer prefers to remain anonymous; it almost seems as though there must be something of the "welsher" about him; but, perhaps, this new method of bookmaking is only one of the fruits of the Torrey-Alexander Mission Mr. Rowntree, at least, is in earnest over his work The apparent apathy of the nation to the extraordinary spread of betting and gambling, he writes, is in sharp contrast to the great efforts organised to combat intemperance. This is perfectly true, the main cause being the difficulty of suggesting practical steps to counteract the evil—where such exists. Among the other contributions are papers on "The Extent of Gambling," by John Hawke, hon. secretary of the Anti-Gambling League; "Crime and Gambling," by Canon Horsley; "Gambling among Women," by J. M. Hogge, M.A.; and "Stock Exchange Gambling," by A. J. Wilson, the editor of the *Investors' Review*.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

"E. Nesbit"

Rarely does a publishing season go by without a new book from "E. Nesbit." This lady is, I believe, to make another addition to her long list of works this spring; and anything from her pen is assured of welcome at the hands of very different publics, for no other woman-writer is more variously accomplished: poetess, novelist, writer for children, her appeal is three-fold. It is close on twenty years since she issued her first book, "Lays and Legends," but not until ten years ago, when she gave us "A Pomander of Verse," did her rare lyrical faculty begin to receive its due mead of recognition. One recalls such haunting lines as these from "The Gray Folk":

The house, with blind, unhappy face,
Stands lonely in the last year's corn,
And in the grayness of the morn
The gray folk come about the place.

By many pathways and gliding gray,
They come past meadow, wood, and wold,
Come by the farm and by the fold,
From the green fields of yesterday.

About the same time, she showed us her quality as a novelist in "A Marden Mystery," while some years earlier, she had published those remarkable collections of short stories, "Grim Tales" and "Something Wrong," in which we had evidence of a talent for the short story which she has always cultivated with the happiest results, despite the falling away of public taste for this form of fiction. But, personally, among her books, I find my chief delight in "E. Nesbit's" stories for children. What could be better for genuine childhood fun than "The Would-be Goods," and others in similar vein? She has achieved that extremely difficult task of writing *about* children and *for* children, so that both youngsters and grown-ups can share the entertainment of her stories. As a novelist, perhaps, she would not object to be judged by that very charming book, "The Red House," which appeared about two years ago.

Mr. Hubert Bland

The well-known journalist, whose wife writes under the name of "E. Nesbit"

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Bland

Most of my readers will be aware that "E. Nesbit" is Mrs. Hubert Bland, the former having been her maiden name. Although her husband's name is not so familiar to the bookish public, he has long influenced a vast audience by his pen. Beyond a novel written in collaboration with his wife, and (I seem to remember) a book or two on social subjects, Mr. Bland has shown no hankering after the reputation of a writer of books, which might easily be his if he only cared to reproduce some selections from his weekly contributions to the *Sunday Chronicle*. That widely-read newspaper is unique in provincial journalism, for side by side with the vulgarities of the turf and the football field, it has, for twenty years, provided its readers with the work of really notable writers. For years I took it merely to read the essays of "Nunquam," whom I esteem—much though I disapprove of his recent onslaught against religion—one of the finest writers of our time; and, when he left the *Chronicle* in 1891, Mr. Hubert Bland became the contributor of its chief article, which he signs "Hubert." Thus he has written on a bewildering variety of topics, and always with vivacity and humour, allied with culture. Mr. and Mrs. Bland live at Well Hall, Eltham, Kent.

The American Invader

Not content with having beaten off most of the English novelists who used to have some popularity in America, the patriotic fiction writers of the States are even coming over to this played-out old country, and acquiring on the spot material for British stories "made in America." From time to time, I have mentioned some of these. There is one, entitled "The Reaper," which has had a great success. Its author is a Miss Edith Rickert, and a gushing reviewer, in an American literary monthly, tells us that "by going to the Shetland Islands and living there for some time, by becoming, practically, one of the people, Miss Rickert gathered the material for her story." As an example of her glorious style, the fond critic quotes this superb passage:

> There is a little world of islands within the fastness of the Northern Sea where the years turn so softly from to-morrow into yesterday, that they are scarce marked but by the upspringing of fresh crops of wee things, that presently come to be dandling bairns of their own. The old men forget the count of their days; and the old women cling to the fringes of immortality.

I hope some English publisher will bring out this Yankee classic, for there is a dearth of comic stuff just now, and I am sure that "The Reaper" must be very funny. I would suggest that these American invaders might stay in this country long enough, at

least, to acquire some literary education before starting to churn their novels.

Book Sneaks

One result of cheap literature is to make a certain kind of mind despise books, and regard them as a species of lumber. We might vary the old maxim and say: Cheapness breeds contempt. Every author will tell you sad stories of his treatment at the hands of friends, and of fervent but unknown admirers. A novelist was confessing to me the other day that the list of people who had come, after long indulgence, to expect a free copy of every new work he issues, and would write to ask for it as a matter of course, had grown so formidable that he had taken a firm stand, and refused to send a single presentation copy of his latest book. People who conduct church libraries, social clubs, charity bazaars, and the like, are the worst offenders in this respect; their impudence is sublime. They ask an author for a set of his books as calmly as a smoker asks a friend for a match. But the cry of the author is, "Save me from my friends." Your friend, the doctor, would be somewhat astonished if you asked him to attend you for nothing; your chum, the solicitor, would be surprised if you requested him to put his professional services at your disposal without payment; the insurance manager would hesitate to give you a policy "free, gratis"; but they all expect you to give them free copies of your books. An acquaintance once wrote asking me to send him on loan a book of mine, as a friend of his wanted to study it in preparing a lecture on the subject with which it dealt. I replied that the book was published at five shillings, and could be had at any respectable bookseller's. I suspect that he felt insulted, as I have never heard from him since.

Photo by *Russell*

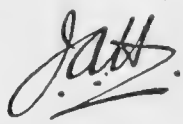
Mrs. Hubert Bland ("E. Nesbit") and her daughter

Women Painters

In a fashionable bookseller's the other day I asked if there was really a good sale for the expensive art books which have been issued so lavishly of late. He told me that he sold them literally in hundreds. For the most part they are luxuries beyond the mere bookman's purse, but Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton seem to me to have struck a happy medium with their splendid "Art and Life Library," edited by Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow. "Women Painters of the World" is the title of the new volume in this series, and I should imagine it will soon go to a premium. Such a representative collection of the work of women painters is unique. The reproductions in colour, monochrome, and photogravure, could not be improved upon, while the critical introductions to the different sections of the work are excellent. The book is issued in various styles "to suit all purses." In stout paper wrappers, at five shillings net, no one, who is at all interested in art, can complain that it is beyond his reach. In art linen, it is only seven and sixpence net, and there are editions in vellum at ten and sixpence, and in pigskin at a guinea.

Immortalised in Anecdote

Not many readers of the present generation are familiar with the writings of Angus Bethune Reach, who had a short, but brilliant career as a member of the staff of *Punch* in the middle of last century, and wrote several popular novels. His name is chiefly remembered in connection with an anecdote wrongly attributed to Thackeray. I refer to the subject because a booklet, entitled "Two Famous Correspondents—the Reaches: Father and Son," has just been issued by that fine old paper, the *Inverness Courier*, for which Roderick Reach, in the 'forties, acted as London correspondent, and thereby became one of the pioneers of a most important movement in modern journalism. In this booklet, an oft-told tale is dismissed as "unfounded." Loath that so good a story should be discredited, I have looked into the matter, and am glad to say we shall be justified in cherishing the *bon mot*. The mistake has been made in identifying it with Thackeray, who never met Reach, though he lectured on behalf of a fund for his widow soon after the unfortunate Scotsman's death in 1856. It was Douglas Jerrold who delighted to tease Reach about his name, which any Scotsman should know is pronounced with the "ach" sounded after the German manner, the English having the same difficulty with it as they have with "loch," which, of course, is not at all like "lock." Reach insisted on the proper pronunciation. Jerrold, at a dinner of the *Punch* staff, held in the "Ship" at Brighton, leant forward to Reach during the dessert, and asked: "Mr. Re-ack, may I pass you a pe-ack?" Mr. Spielmann gives the story, and adds another: "On another occasion, when Reach protested against Jerrold's persistent ill-treatment of his name, the wit replied, 'Oh, I see. Re-ack when we speak to you, but *reach* when we read you.'" Mr. Spielmann, by the way, is in error when he says that Reach died before he was thirty. He was thirty-five. But you will hardly credit that "Chambers's Biographical Dictionary," whose editor ought surely to know the pronunciation of a Scotch name, gives the pronunciation of Reach as *Reé-akh*.



GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Points Which Reformers Should Keep in View

I have been accused of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, for having pointed out faults in the present government of golf and yet proclaiming myself a steadfast upholder of the St. Andrews régime. I rather fancy that the accusation, which leaves me quite unmoved, proceeds from the old, old cause of *spretæ injuria formæ*. The opponents of St. Andrews thought they had captured a recruit for their army, and, I imagine, are annoyed at finding that the supposed recruit is still a loyal soldier of the Alma Mater of golf. However that may be, it seems to me that to accuse of hunting with the hounds and running with the hare, those of us who are urging reforms in the present constitution, while thoroughly loyal to St. Andrews, is a mis-use of terms. Anyone who has had the patience to peruse what I have written on the subject will confirm me when I say, I have always made it clear that I wished the St. Andrews rule to continue, and that I would view with consternation and alarm, any proposal which attempted to put an Association in its place. I have been led to make the above remarks only through a wish to make my position perfectly clear before I venture to enumerate certain matters in the golfing body politic, which seem to me in need of reform.

Mr. Eric Hambro
Mr. Marshall Hall Mr. H. W. Forster

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

Mr. James Leslie Wanklyn Mr. Balfour Mr. A. W. Soames

Fishermen v. Parliamentarians at Sandwich: A group of the players

This match was followed with very keen interest on account of the great reputation enjoyed by the Inverallochy fishermen. Spending most of their time afloat, these men, on their periodical visits home, enter into golf with a zest unknown to the leisured Southron. With a total population of 1,400, Inverallochy has 250 members in its golf club, and it was from these, the team included above was chosen. The House of Commons team was fully representative

Alteration in St. Andrews Business Meeting

First and foremost among necessary reforms, I will place the question of the Royal and Ancient business meetings. I have already elaborated my views on this matter in a previous article, so that to-day I will only say that one of two things ought to be carried out. Either the business meeting should be appointed to take place on a day subsequent to the medal competition, and at a time when all players can be present without inconvenience, or, the business meeting should be divided up into two sections, whenever matters, other than purely local ones, come up for discussion. The purely local section might be held at the usual time, while another special meeting, in the same week, but subsequent to the medal day, should be devoted to dealing with matters affecting the general world of golf, such as rules, etc. Of these two alternatives, I favour the latter, as causing less alteration in the present method of procedure, and because the discussion of general, as distinct from local, affairs, occurs only at rare intervals. To carry out the second alternative would only necessitate a slight alteration in, or addition to, the rule of the Club dealing with the constitution of business meetings.

Casual Water on Putting Green

The second point which I would wish reformers to keep in mind is the rule about casual water on the putting green. As the rule now stands, it is quite illogical. Through the ordinary course, casual water is now definitely ruled out, for all practical purposes, by the player being allowed to drop his ball at the side nearest to which his ball may lie, instead of, as previously, having to drop behind it. But on the green he must still drop behind the water, so that to reach the hole he has, perforce, to use his mashie on the putting green. The

Fishermen v. Parliamentarians: Mr. Eric Hambro putting. Mr. Balfour an anxious spectator

Mr. Balfour and Mr. Hambro suffered defeat in the first round at the hands of James and George Buchan, the strongest of the Inverallochy men, but won their match in the afternoon. Although the House of Commons won by eight games to two, the games, especially those played in the forenoon, were keenly contested, both teams being on their mettle

Club accepted one part of the rule, and rejected the other, without recognising that the acceptance of the one logically involved the acceptance of the other. Casual water sometimes accumulates very quickly. A medal competition at St. Andrews, especially at the Autumn meeting, takes the better part of the day for completion. Suppose, then, that the earlier couples go round with no casual water on the greens, but that a storm bursts, with torrents of rain, and that the later couples are confronted with the difficulty of casual water on the greens. By the present rule, those couples would be put to the serious disadvantage of having to loft over the casual water, whereas, by the proposed rule of the Rules of Golf Committee, they would be enabled to place their ball at the nearest point to its position (whether in the water or with water intervening between ball and hole), which would give them a clear putt to the hole. It may be said that my argument merely turns on the old question of the luck of the draw. My answer is, that to add to bad weather, the drawback of having to loft over casual water when present on the putting green, is to make the luck of the draw unfairer than ever. This very possibility is sufficient to condemn the present rule in the eyes of all fair-minded golfers.

Match Play in the Open Championship

On this subject I will confine myself to saying that the term, "Open Champion," connotes a player who is the best player of the year. As the Championship is at present constituted, the Open Champion is merely a player who has proved himself the best man at the scoring game. Now, as I have often pointed out, the scoring game is a comparatively modern innovation, invented for purposes of saving time in competitions. The match game is the original Simon Pure. Modern golf is dual in nature, and consists of match and scoring play. The Open Champion ought, therefore, to be one who has proved himself the best player of the year, both in match and score play. Therefore, I hold, the Open Championship Competition should, like nearly all the great professional competitions, be divided into two parts, one consisting of a preliminary scoring stage, the other, of a tournament between as many of the best scorers as may be convenient.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Fishermen v. Parliamentarians: The snapshotters give James Buchan an anxious time

James Buchan, who, with his brother, defeated Mr. Balfour and his partner, intimated that the photographers made him nervous. "We have to put up with it," replied the philosophic Premier

LAWN TENNIS AT CANNES

By G. M. SIMOND

The last of this season's Lawn Tennis Tournaments on the Riviera took place at the famous courts of the Beau Site Hotel, at Cannes, on March 21, and following days. Such is the fame of these courts, that at one time or another every well-known wielder of the racquet travelling through these parts has made a point of stopping at Cannes and trying their bound and puzzling light. The curious effect that the bright light has on one's volleying is proverbial, and it is only after two or three weeks' consistent play that one gets thoroughly used to it. The ball flies off the racquet at every angle but the correct one to begin with, and the expert can hardly believe it possible to mistime the ball so continually. One only has to play on into one's game, and then all is serene—the tennis, the brilliant gathering of visitors that watch the play, the surrounding beauty of the flowers and foliage, the deep blue sky overhead—all go to make one regret that one cannot remain on there for ever.

Composition of the Courts

The three courts are, practically speaking, unique in their composition. Rock, rotten and decomposed from moisture, is obtained from the "Croix des Gardes," a hill immediately behind the hotel. This is crushed up very fine, laid on the courts, and well rolled in, and it forms a superb surface for play, not hard for the feet, and, withal, a very binding substance. In very dry weather, the courts are watered two or three times a day, otherwise they become too dusty to be really pleasant. The Renshaws, in their day, made the Beau Site their headquarters, and every lawn-tennis player of note—English and American—must have given the courts a trial since then. The Dohertys have followed in their footsteps, and, for some years now, during February and March, could have been seen playing their very best on these courts. R. F. Doherty, in particular, is especially good out here, and his play at Monte Carlo, Nice, and Cannes could not have been surpassed. He has played only in the Handicap Singles, and not in the Open Singles, at each meeting, and from the back-mark has won two of them and reached the semi-final at Nice.

Concerning the Players

In the final at Cannes, he met Kenneth Sanderson, the celebrated Scotch player, and, owing 15—1 and giving 15—4, he beat him 7—5, 8—6. The prize for this event was given by the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and was a beautiful diamond and sapphire pin, which Her Highness presented to the winner after the match, and complimented him on his fine exhibition of the game. The Championship Singles for ladies was won by Miss C. M. Wilson, who beat, in the final, "Mrs. Adams," a well-known Continental lady player, who played at Wimbledon some few years back, reaching the last four. To everyone's regret,

Photo by *Merry*

Lawn Tennis Tournament at Cannes: The famous courts of the Beau Site Hotel

The fame of these courts is such that every tennis player who visits the Riviera makes a point of trying their bound and puzzling light. The material from which the surface is made is crushed rock, obtained from the hill just behind the hotel

Miss D. K. Douglass, who had intended to play, and who had won the Open Singles at Monte Carlo, strained her wrist at Nice, and was unable to take any further part in either meeting. It must have been a great disappointment to her, but it was quite as great to us, as we were wanting to see her play when thoroughly used to the courts, which at Monte Carlo was not so; though every day she was getting better, and it would be impossible to tell how well she might have played had not she met with this accident. Her length was splendid throughout, she was getting a splendid grip on the ball, and her pace was improving daily, so we might have had a real treat had she been able to compete. The finalists for the Gentlemen's Singles Championship were H. L. Doherty, the Champion of the World, and M. J. G. Ritchie, but, much to the annoyance of the spectators, the latter was given a walk over, as Doherty was competing in the Cannes Golf Spring Meeting, and did not wish to tire himself for that event.

The new Spalding (Gold Medal) Racquet

(Manufactured by Messrs. Spalding, 53-55, Fetter Lane)

Golf and Tennis Clash

It is a thousand pities that two such important events should be allowed to clash. R. F. Doherty and "Mrs. Adams," and Ritchie and Miss Wilson contested the final of the Open Mixed, but the match was not a good one, as the latter were very tired when they went into court, having been playing on and off all day. The former won fairly easily, and were not in the least extended. It is a great pity that something cannot be done by the Lawn Tennis Association on the vexed question of umpiring.

The Functions of an Umpire

In a short time, if things are allowed to continue in their present state, it will be impossible to induce anyone to take on the thankless task. The umpire's decisions are, practically, always disputed, and the players settle amongst themselves whether the ball was in or out. Would it not be better for the game, if this is allowed to go on, that the umpire simply be there to keep the score, and settle any dispute when the players themselves do not agree? It would be so much simpler. If both players are agreed that a ball was out, as very often is the case, even when the umpire has seen it in, why should it not be out and have done with it. At present, they have a let, or the umpire wishes to be removed from his duties, or takes no further trouble with the game, and leaves the players to settle their own decisions. Either the umpire's decision should be final, or there should be no umpire, one or the other; and if there is one, then the players should not be allowed to dispute his decisions in any way. It is spoiling the game, and the sooner the matter is taken in hand, the better.

The fashion in racquets seems to be changing. A year or two ago, every player deemed himself incomplete unless he had a Doherty racquet, but last season, and especially this, the popularity of the Mass racquet has been very noticeable. These racquets are cheaper than the Doherty, very similar in appearance, and are very tightly strung. Their driving power is magnificent, and every player, before buying a new racquet this season, should see the Mass.

Another racquet, which is gaining very fast in popularity, is the Spalding (Gold Medal), manufactured by Messrs. Spalding, of 53-55, Fetter Lane, E.C. This racquet is beautifully balanced, and each one is accompanied by a guarantee from the firm as to its excellence. Its most noticeable feature is, that its frame is partly spliced with cane. It is particularly popular with ladies, and I believe, in America, it has an enormous sale. A photograph of the Spalding racquet is given herewith.

General view of Cannes, looking towards the Mediterranean, from the California quarter of the town

Just across the narrow strait is seen the Ile St. Marguerite, with its small fort in the centre

Sports at the R.M.C. (Sandhurst)

G. Broughton wins the mile final. Time, 4 min. 54⅕ sec.

This race was one of the best contested of the meeting. Lumsden, an old Etonian, who won the two miles on the previous day, led until in the straight for home, the winner achieving victory by a fine spurt at the right moment

Photos by *Cartwright*

The Donkey Race, won by Cadet-Sergt. H. W. D. Macarthy O'Leary on donkey, "Bucked," by "Old Grey," out of "Saddle"

Dust and Tar

The dry summer of last year and its consequent dust troubles led to quite a number of experimental remedies. Various oil compounds were tried, resulting in little else but a disagreeable smell. The roads were tarred on the top with only fair results, but in some few places tar macadam was laid. The District Engineer and Surveyor of Godalming, Mr. I. George-Powell, M.I.A.M. and C.E., has written a report, on the construction of tar-mac roads which shall be free from both dust and dirt. He inspected, during his holidays last year, many experimental pieces of road laid in this fashion, and he is of the opinion that the secret of successful road-making is the binding material. Taking tar as the most suitable binding, he gives figures that go far to prove that if roads are properly constructed and laid with a watertight crust composed of hard, rolled stone and tar, there is an actual *saving in cost*. Special plant, costing upwards of £400, is certainly needed, but the necessity for doing something to improve our roads, to make them fitter for the new form of locomotion, and I might say, too, for the old, does not need to be insisted on. Those of my readers who live in the country would do well to call the attention of their local authorities to Mr. I. George-Powell's facts and figures.

The Cyclist and The Car

The cyclist who will hang on, is known to all motorists. Despite the smother of dust at the back of a car, and the exhaust gases, many a wheeler likes being paced, and is willing, in fact, to put up with those discomforts for the sake of travelling at a little faster rate than usual. One of the leading motor papers considers it a dangerous practice, and one which should be stopped. While one is inclined to agree, I do hope that no motorist will ever try and deal with such a hanger-on in a way that the article on the subject more than hints at. Taken as a whole, there are few non-motoring members of the community who are so well disposed to motorists as the cyclists. Cars, wheelmen admit, have interfered with their enjoyment of the road to a certain extent; nevertheless, motors interest them. Many hope one day to have a motor-cycle, if not a car, and some few remember the days when the police persecuted and prosecuted cyclists, because, forsooth, they rode to the danger of the public. Starting with the old ordinary, I have ridden a lot myself, and I cannot help sympathising with the man on the bike. After all, why shouldn't the motorist occasionally shield the pedaller from the wind, or even give him a tow up a hill. It may possibly be a wee bit risky, but the kind of rider who hangs on knows what he is about.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Lieut.-Colonel Fox, Chief Officer of the London Salvage Corps, in his 40-45 h.-p. Mércedes

The Motor-Boat Races at Monaco
Macdonald amuses himself by putting the finishing touches to Napier II.

What's in a Name?

Motorists have been called many names, and a writer in a Surrey paper has, apparently, been at pains to collect them. His vocabulary is extensive, and includes such terms as: road reptile, with murderous instincts; a smasher up; a scorching slaughterer; a murder-car misdirector, etc. The editor, too, forgot to delay the publication of the letter till April 1. Compared with this gentleman of Surrey, "Ouida" takes a second place. She only wrote that, "as regards automobiles they are my *bêtes noires*; they are hideous, perilous, monstrous; they disfigure the face of the earth; they crush children and dogs to powder; they increase the modern delirium which makes people tear madly from place to place, learning nothing, wasting their time and money in an insensate and perpetual gyration," and, she might have added, that this motoring madness interferes with the sale of even the best novels!

Parliamentary Prejudice

Much difference of opinion exists as to the desirability of allowing the trams to cross Westminster Bridge. The recent debate on the subject in the House of Commons was noteworthy for causing members to express opinions on motors and the motor 'bus. Mr. Burns, after stating that the London County Council intended to dispense with advertisements on their tramways, in order that, from an æsthetic point of view, the cars should not offend the eye—entirely overlooking the nuisance that tram-lines are to other forms of traffic—went on to say that "motor 'buses were dirtier and dearer than electric tramcars; and hon. members who doubted this had only to meet three motor omnibuses on a warm day in July and smell them." During the same debate, Mr. Burdett-Coutts took the opportunity of describing motor-cars as "implements of horrible shape, disagreeable smell, and unpleasant colour." This moderation and nicety of expression makes me quite hopeful that when the Motor Act comes up for revision, the Westminster talking-house will view it without prejudice.

Vanguard's Vagaries in the Strand

While I am very hopeful of the ultimate benefits that the "mobus" will confer on traffic in general, the actual performances of some of the new vehicles are rather disappointing. I refer particularly to the new Milnes

Photos by *Topical Agency*

General view of the Motor-Boat Exhibition at Monaco

Post-office Methods Abroad: The motor-cycle post in Berlin

Daimler 'buses that the London Motor Omnibus Company is putting on the road. A few days ago I got on to one, rejoicing in the name of "Vanguard," which was standing near the Law Courts. After some hesitation, it crawled into the Strand, and stopped dead. The driver, who was hardly, I think, *au fait* with his machinery, proceeded, helped by remarks from passing 'busmen, to empty a packet of white powder on to his clutch. Meanwhile, a similar 'bus came past, and, anxious for a ride, I joined it instead. The gears changed, anything but well, and the low speed made far too much noise. Travelling was slow, and on such an easy gradient as Charing Cross Road we were easily passed by a horse-drawn 'bus. Those interested in this new and promising form of traction must take care that the vehicles are kept in good order, and that they get thoroughly competent drivers.

Alfred C. Hunter.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Post-office Methods in England: New Wolseley post van, as supplied to postal authorities

MATTERS MUSICAL

Wagner in the Concert Room

The Queen's Hall Orchestra announce three extra symphony concerts, and, in accordance with the traditions which seem to reign at Langham Place, two of these will be entirely devoted to selections from Wagnerian opera. Now, Wagner wrote his famous series for performance in a theatre, not a concert-hall, and, no doubt, he intended each work to be considered as a whole, and not for isolate sections to be chopped out here and there, and played without their context, as it were. Even an overture, if it falls into its proper place in the scheme of the whole, should leave a sense of something to follow. It would seem, therefore, a proceeding of very doubtful artistic merit to perform certain chosen sections in the manner at present so common. It may be contended that Wagner always goes down well with the public, but I think very few who have listened to Wagnerian opera, performed in a theatre, with all the adjuncts of scenery and stage resource, would care to go and hear the music alone, divorced from the action, played in a concert-hall. And why, I wonder, are we practically never allowed to hear a Beethoven symphony at Queen's Hall?

Photo by **The Auxetophone** [*Park*

This latest product of the Gramophone Company was invented by Mr. Charles Parsons, of turbine fame. It is possible by means of this instrument to give a concert in a large hall, and it is hard to tell that one is not listening to actual voices and instruments

Lectures on "The Ring"

To students of Wagner, the series of lectures on the "Nibelungen Ring," which have been given at the Æolian Hall by Mr. Ashton Jonson, illustrated by examples played by Mr. Edwin Lemare on the organ, have proved most interesting. It is generally agreed that the more one studies Wagner's works the more one finds in them, and it seems a singularly sane idea to study them in detail in view of the forthcoming opera season at Covent Garden. Mr. Lemare has a great faculty for adaptation, and has conveyed the greatest amount of lucidity into his musical illustrations.

A Fine Modern Organ

The organ at the Æolian Hall is a magnificent instrument, with extraordinary resources in the way of solo stops, and an excellently balanced full-organ tone. Its manipulation is greatly simplified by series of composition pistons, which take the place of the customary pedals. An echo organ outside the actual room gives great opportunities for effect, and a complete peal of bells is in connection with one of the manuals. The action throughout is electric. The proprietors informed me that the instrument is valued at £8,000.

The Auxetophone

Long ago reconciled to the weird workings of the phonograph, we had come to regard as inevitable the metallic nature of its inhuman voice. A recent invention of Mr. Chas. Parsons, however, bids fair to modify, if not entirely to remove, its somewhat unpleasant *timbre*. In the auxetophone a column of air under pressure is employed in place of the ordinary diaphragm, and, by altering the pressure, the sound can be increased or lessened, as desired. The result is a considerable augmentation of power, happily combined with a degree of roundness and freedom from burr that has hitherto been unattainable. It is but a few days since the first of these instruments was exhibited in public, but already many orders have been taken by the Gramophone Company, and it is quite expected that, after dinner, your hostess will say, "Oh, Mr. ——, have you heard our auxetophone? Come along, and I'll explain it to you."

Some Recent Recitals

A large number of interesting recitals have taken place lately. Miss Tora Hwass was very successful in a pianoforte recital at the Æolian Hall. She is not at her best with Beethoven, but Chopin and Liszt she plays with much enjoyment. M. Jacques Thibaud, the celebrated French violinist, is now on a visit to our shores, and his playing manifests an admirable combination of solidity and brilliancy. Mr. Harold Bauer and Mr. Pablo Casals gave a pianoforte and violoncello recital, which, in spite of an unpromising start, developed into one of the most artistic concerts of late weeks. Up to now, Mr. Casals, a native of Spain, has been unknown to London audiences. H. F.

THE CONNOISSEUR

Fans and Fashions

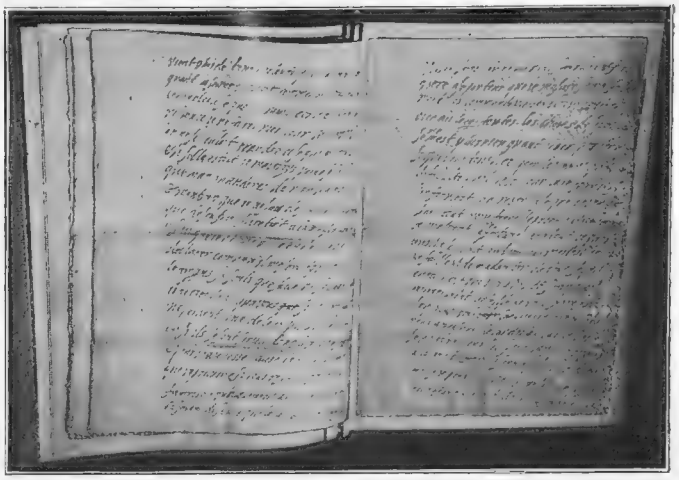
The great period of the fan was, of course, the eighteenth century, and its most exquisite development at the Court of France, where its uses were purely ornamental and diplomatic, and never utilitarian, as in Spain and further south:

Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Tones in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue;
Hark to the dainty *frou-frou!*
Picture above if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

wrote Mr. Austin. Like the Pompadour, most of the fans of the time have passed away, or are already contained in well-known collections. However, occasionally discoveries of this sort are made, and our illustration shows one of the latest that has come to light.

Recently, when the contents of a house at Isleworth were being catalogued, no less than six valuable fans, one of which is attributed to Watteau, were found packed away in an attic.

These have now been submitted to what is often the somewhat cruel and enlightening arbitrament of the auction-room.

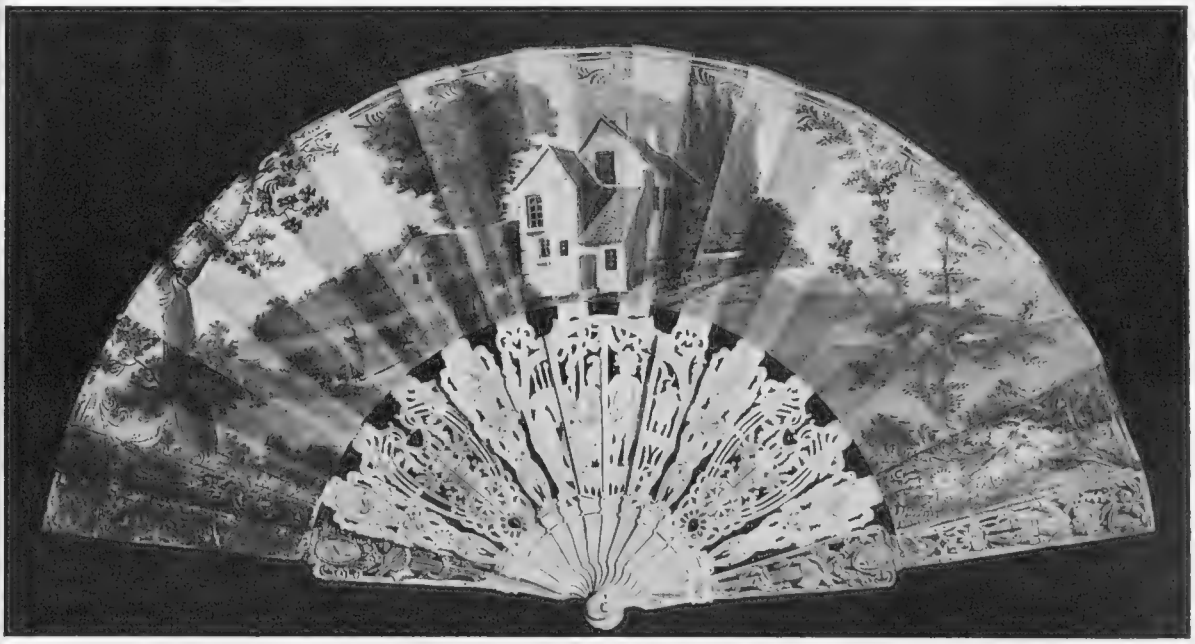


Part of a letter written by Mary, Queen of Scots
Recently bought by Mr. Quaritch for £900

Fourteen Quarto Pages of a Marie Stuart Letter

"The sword-bright eyes" of Marie, Quene of Scotlande, appear to rain influence across the centuries just as they did in her own troublous times. During the past week, Sotheby's has rung with her name, and Mr. Quaritch has been busy giving almost any price for the fragments that have fallen to us from her tables.

The unfinished letter, of part of which we give a photograph, is unsigned, but still, undoubtedly, a relic of the Queen. It is supposed to have been written in January, 1562, about five months after Mary landed in Scotland, and contains many allusions that prove it to be from Mary's hand. The actual penmanship is of a marked character, bold and clear, as became a Queen. The matter, in old French, is not without its interest to the student of the period. The whole fourteen quarto pages is finely bound in crushed red morocco, and Mr. Quaritch paid no less than £900 for it.



The Remarkable Find of Fans at Isleworth: Is this a Watteau?

The above is one of six fans, discovered quite by accident in a lumber room while the contents of a house at Isleworth were being catalogued. It is believed to have been decorated by Watteau

BRIDGE: Our New Competition

FIRST QUARTERLY BRIDGE COMPETITION,

with a Weekly Competition running concurrently.

Prizes:

WEEKLY Competition—First Prize each week:

Two Guineas.

SECOND and THIRD PRIZES: A "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case—comprising a morocco leather box, two packs "BYSTANDER" pneumatic cards, two scoring boards, and book of rules, all by Messrs. De La Rue and Co.—value £1 1s. each.

QUARTERLY Competition—

£10 10 0 in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of marks in the Thirteen Weekly Competitions.

The answers to the first week's hands did not constitute a record in point of numbers, but the replies themselves showed a very high average of ability. Fifteen was the maximum number of points, and, though only one competitor was successful in scoring them, no less than nineteen, or nearly one-quarter of the competitors, scored twelve points.

I congratulate Mr. Savage on winning the first week's prize, and all the more since he has been a firm supporter of this Bridge page, I believe, since I started it. Although he cannot win another weekly prize, I may remind him that the Quarterly Prize is still open!

I hope competitors will induce their friends to enter for this competition. The prizes are certainly liberal, and there is a chance every week of a prize, to say nothing of the Quarter's Prize. One further word: Readers may enter for the Quarterly Prize at any time until each solution is published. Though the first week's result is announced, intending new competitors still have twelve weeks in which to catch up.

PROBLEMATICUS.

WEEKLY COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE: Two Guineas is awarded to:

G. H. Savage, Esq., Lorne House, Bognor.

As there is a tie for the second place this week, we are presenting three instead of two BYSTANDER Bridge Cases. They are awarded to:

R. S. Everett, Esq., Elmhurst, Olton, Warwick.
A. Melville Jones, Esq., Penynaut, Ruabon.
J. H. Farrar, Esq., I, Ernst Hackelplatz III., Jena, Germany.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by competitors for solving the first three problems in our Quarterly Competition:

15, Kirkland I.; 14, Oltonia, Zif II., Stud List; 13, Common, Cumtux, Flisk, Moth; 12, Ap Twm, Blockhead, Eblow, Fen, Hockey, Miles, P. M. S. Princess, Swansfield, Viking; 11, Baroness, Bijou, Bro, Ernst, Fantome, Inga, Joker, Lucia, Luppy, Mugwump, Tic-tac, Weeping Willow, Yarborough; 10, Cuilin, Darkie, Defiance, Dreary Dismal, Inkpot, Mucross, Peter, Sauchieleigh, Simplicity, Tylhus, Zif I.; 9, Badger, Brown Cat, Ina II., Lanham, Mad; 8, Amber, Bulbs, Elah, Kirkland II., Meenatchie, Nip, Not 'Arf, Noxious, Puffin-boy, White Cat; 7, Chippa, Crocks, Essem, Ina I., Pupil, Waverley, Willimoteswick; 6, A hole, Awapuni, Bridget, Carolus, L.S.D. Mammon, Mogul, Sefton, Severn, Whipper In; 5, Chlorodyne; 4, Dogger, Dragon, Lily of the Valley, Nemo, Scarlet Pimpernel; 3, Guernsey, Ireland, Lance Fieldoak, Natalie, Pelaw, Pons.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS I.—III.

PROBLEM I.—Leave it. If your partner declares no-trumps, the spade suit may prove very useful, and four cards in either red suit render it improbable that your opponents will have great length in them. You merely have to risk his declaring clubs, and that is a risk you may very well take, for he will only declare this suit if strong in them. If he declares a red suit, he finds four to an honour, and a very fair probability of being able to clear the spades and bring them in with the fourth trump.

PROBLEM II.—Declare clubs. On such a hand as this it is very unsafe indeed to leave it. If either red suit is declared, the hand is probably trickless; for, supposing clubs cleared, it holds no card of re-entry. The defensive declaration on six clubs may mean that you score the odd trick or two if your partner holds any good cards.

PROBLEM III.—Leave it. The only possible declaration is no-trumps, and the singleton ace makes that a very dangerous one. As it is, you have a good lead, and you can very well afford to go slowly; besides which, you have a good backing hand to any declaration by dummy.

Several Competitors have failed to read Rule 6 carefully, which says: "STICK this token (the coupon) on the top of your solution." The coupon must be affixed to the solution in some way or other, as otherwise it is liable to be lost, and the competitor disqualified.

S. G. A.	—We have allotted you the	*nom de guerre*			"Guernsey."
Miss W.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Swansfield."
Baroness de G.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Baroness."
C. W.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Amber."
F. A. M.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Common."
E. T. L.	,,	,,	,,	,,	"Severn."

Several other competitors omitted to put their names and addresses on their problems. In future any solutions received without names and addresses on them, written in the right-hand top corner, will have marks deducted.

A. F. and A. M. J.—You may send in as many solutions as you please, but each one must have a different *nom de guerre*. For your second solution we have called you Ina II. and Z f II.

What You Have to Do

1. Below, three questions are asked. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem VII., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that you say, in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Having answered the three questions — with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

3. If you wish to enter for the Quarterly Competition, select a *nom de guerre*—not one that everyone else is likely to choose—and write it plainly in the bottom left-hand corner of your solution, with inverted commas to it.

4. A competitor who has won a prize in the weekly competition is thereby debarred from winning a further prize this quarter, although he or she can, of course, win the Quarterly Prize of Ten Guineas.

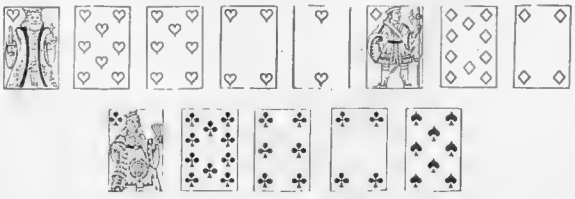
5. Below will be found the third week's three Problems. Give your solutions, as already explained; then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. The solutions of the competition given herewith must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, April 17, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.," and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

6. In our issue of April 19, the list of winners of the second Weekly Competition will be published. Marks will also be awarded in the Quarterly Competition to the different competitors under their *noms de guerre*.

WHAT DO YOU DECLARE AS DEALER?

PROBLEM VII.

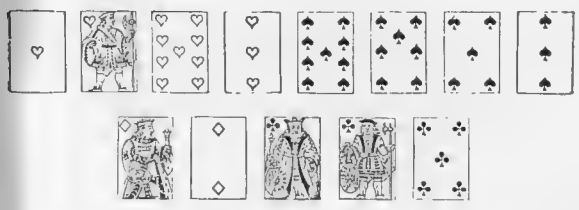
SCORE: Dealer, 12; Adversaries, 24.



DEALER'S DECLARATION: (1) **What do you declare? and (2) why?**

PROBLEM VIII.

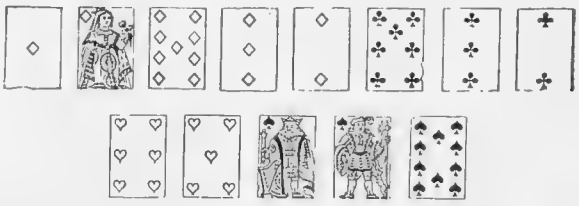
SCORE: 12-all.



DEALER'S DECLARATION: (1) **What do you declare? and (2) why?**

PROBLEM IX.

SCORE: Love-all. First Game.



DEALER'S DECLARATION: (1) **What do you declare? and (2) why?**

Mr. Martin Harvey **Mr. Tree** **Mr. H. B. Irving**

THREE CONTEMPORARY INTERPRETERS OF HAMLET

Frocks, Frills, & Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Note Exclusive

Ambrosine and I have come to the conclusion that the policy of Messrs. Peter Robinson's is to help their clients, who express an inclination for it, to the possession of the best. Otherwise, their very *récherché* confections are kept closely guarded, for it is no part of the policy of this firm, or any other of like standing, to give away, to a plagiarising public, ideas that have not only cost appreciable sums of money, but also an immensity of time and thought. None know better than this house what is likely to be admired and required by the average woman; while, on the other hand, no one is better supplied with the really exclusive model.

This is especially noticeable, by the way, in the costume department, where Ambrosine and I, being privileged visitors, were shown a very galaxy of lovely things, each one in its way—and as behoves our rôle in life, we are ruthlessly critical—a real *chef d'œuvre*.

An Elegant Example of the Princesse Robe

Now, we are sure every fastidious woman will agree, that it would be the height of ingratitude to reveal, in detail, treasures that were shown us in secret. But we may whisper, without fear of censure, the prevalence of the Princesse cut here. This was exemplified, both in day and evening robes, and, in both instances, told an enchanting story in black: an evening robe, a confection of sequin net and lace, opening *tablier*-wise over a petticoat of cream Brussels appliqué flounces, was lovely; while a visiting toilette, of black taffeta, was worn over a dress of fine black lace. A truly fascinating inspiration is a smoke-grey chiffon, the shade of a bat's wing, embroideries in dull steel and black effecting the silhouette of the body and outspread wings, the whole thrown into prominence by a *doublure* of soft pink silk. This is an evening gown, while another Princesse fancy that recalls itself, suitable for either day or demi-toilette, is of white chiffon, the skirt applied from hem to waist with graceful tapering trails of filmy black lace, a high draped, shapely belt of Chiné ribbon, in the very tenderest tones, imparting a suspicion of colour to an otherwise unrelieved scheme of black and white.

A smart little double skirt, rendered of distinctive value, a simple pink and white striped voile frock, that boasted the prettiest little folded bodice, the folds continued over the bend of the shoulder and the fronts thrown back with corners of white piqué at the waist, of which, collar

A white linen Redingote
Sketched at Peter Robinson's, Regent Street,
BY K. PLEYDE. YOUNG

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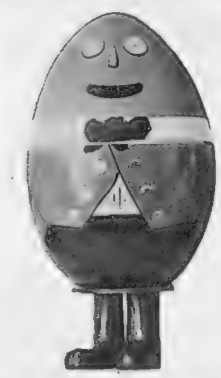

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and turned-back cuffs to the elbow sleeves were also fashioned.

Then approached here, in the very happiest vein, is the white linen Redingote. It will assuredly be the desire of every *élégante* this year to include one of these charming wraps in her summer repertoire, for they carry a *cachet* that is all their own, and there is, moreover, a most commendable variety of styles, while a *soupçon* of colour relief is afforded by a little silk collar, cuffs, and frilled macarrons. However, in the accompanying picture, appreciative recognition will be immediately accorded the vogue, when realised in white linen, with raised *motifs* of embroidered linen and inset pieces of embroidered net and lawn. The latter is again apparent in long lines of insertion, on the upper part of the wrap, tastefully mingled with the raised linen embroidery, until the whole appears a mass of exquisite white stitchery, to which the little turn-over silk collar and cuffs, in a delicate pastel green shade, afford just the requisite touch of relief. And the hat, also a creation of the house, is a dainty, harmonising thing of white Yedda straw and tulle, a wheel rosette of the transparency holding a handsome white paradise osprey.

Millinery at Paquin's

The Limited Artistic Sense

Ambrosine and I have frequently been struck by the fact that the women who cultivate a faculty for furniture collecting and the decoration of their houses, are invariably poor dressers. Apparently, what goes to make up the artistic in us is incapable, except in rare instances, of panning out in two directions. That it is so, we can verify by hundreds of instances, the only exception, to come our way, being the case of a woman who was half French, and who was invariably dressed by Paquin.

Her house was a series of French periods, which, I understand authorities would have us believe, is to

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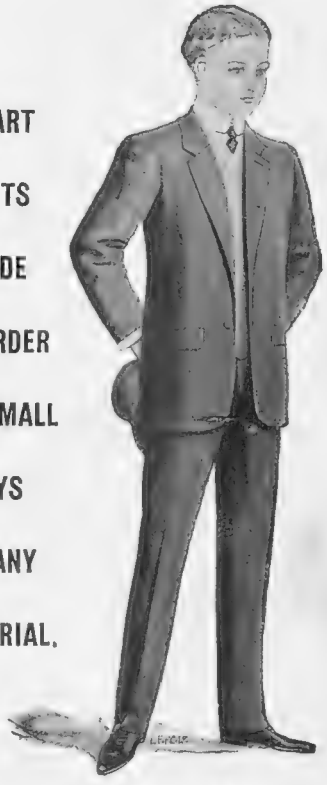

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be the craze of the immediate future; the drawing-room, a dangerous surface of polished parquetry, guiltless of rugs, whereon gorgeous "Gobelin" tapestry chairs were placed at wide intervals, and a Louis Seize piano dwelt in exquisite solitude at one end of the room. The library was Empire, so painfully correct and right in every detail, one felt, as Ambrosine observed, as though it would be sacrilege to allow any extra thing, even a cat, to mar the symmetry—unless, of course, it were an Empire cat!

The Dream of Every Woman

Talking of Paquin, reminds us we visited Dover Street recently in quest of millinery, and, as usual, took with us perfectly open minds, prepared to assimilate the unexpected, that never fails us here.

To be merely hatted by Paquin is something to the good; then, at least, we carry a crowning triumph of recognised value. A triumph of to-morrow rather than of the immediate hour, which renders a purchase, even though it may appeal to some in the light of a small extravagance, at such an exclusive establishment as Paquin's, really an economy, since coming in advance it attracts admiring notice, and lasts its allotted span without wearisome ubiquity.

Take, for example, that novelty pictured, the front of the brim narrowed off almost to nothing, while the back is curved gently upwards on a *cache-peigne* of ribbon. This is in a harmony of rather dark, tapestry blue, Tagal straw and ribbon, the two bizarre wings poised quite at the back falling artistically into the same scheme of colour. Of course, the whole essence of success with such a *chapeau* as this, rests upon the way it is worn on the head; but that also may be learned at Paquin's, where such matters are always of the first importance.

A simply bewitching little toque of Polo *genre* is shown, a model that is again expressed in an undisturbed harmony of the new, or rather revived, Watteau blue, the left side slightly raised by a mount of owls' heads and wings. And, if our artist has by any chance given a side or three-quarter view of this, the graceful addition afforded by hanging loops and ends of ribbon will be immediately recognised and approved.

The remaining hat of the trio is a picture affair of black crin, fashionably flat of shape, with draperies of black velvet, and the left side swept up by a handsome ostrich feather. Now, here, you have distinctively emphasised the value of silhouette; the mediums employed are of the most ordinary quality—*crin*, *velvet*, and *feathers*—and yet what a world of difference lies between this Paquin persuasion and the models turned out by less inspired fingers.

Another black crin tempted me dreadfully; the sweetest toque this was, the crown just slightly overhanging, and so enclosing, between it and the little brim, a wreath of pale green roses, two exquisite green ostrich feathers creeping out of the centre of a small wreath of the roses, and curling over on to the hair at the left side. Then a brown crin, so *chic*, carried a light drapery around the crown of brown tulle over mauve, the front of the brim laid over in a regular pleat, and the left side tilted to an angle by a wreath of mauve roses, and a bird of paradise plume.

And for all this, lovely, lovely millinery, about which we would only too gladly talk for an indefinite period, *le dernier cri* in veils is provided, or just the right word of advice offered as to whether a veil is necessary at all. To go to Paquin, however, is always an education.

The Menu:

Consommé au Parmesan
Saumon Printanière
Fillets of Beef à la Bearnaise
Roast Guinea-fowls Salad
Pineapple Snow
Canapès à l'Exmoor

CONSOMMÉ AU PARMESAN

Clear soup, with grated Parmesan cheese handed.

SAUMON PRINTANIÈRE

Boil a nice cut from the centre of the fish, and serve with a sauce made by dissolving 1 oz. of butter and ½ oz. of flour, stirred together till quite smooth, and add half a pint of the liquor in which the salmon was cooked, and half a gill of chablis or white wine. Bring this all to the boil, and keep it boiling till smooth and well blended, then stir in about ¾ oz. of fresh butter, which has been pounded till smooth, with equal parts of chives or shallots, parsley, tarragon, and chervil, a seasoning of white pepper and salt, and a drop or two of green vegetable colour to bring it all to a pale green, the yolk of a raw egg stirred in at the last moment.

FILLETS OF BEEF À LA BEARNAISE

Take a piece of the undercut of the sirloin; cut it into neat fillets, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, and cook them with a littte butter on a tin in the oven, but do not let them be overdone; add a piece of glaze the size of a walnut, and when dissolved turn the fillets over it. Cut some potatoes into small balls, fry in butter till they are done, and of a golden colour. Dress the fillets round the potatoes heaped up in the middle of the dish, with the following sauce over the fillets: Rub a saucepan with a clove of garlic, and put into it four shallots with a tumblerful of water, and half that quantity of tarragon vinegar; let the whole boil till reduced to one tumberful; strain the liquor and let it get cold. Take the strained yolks of three eggs and mix gradually with the above liquor, add salt to taste, and 2 oz. of fresh butter. Stir this mixture over a slow fire till it thickens, then add a teaspoonful of finely minced tarragon.

An April Dinner

PINEAPPLE SNOW

Slice finely, or cut into small pieces, half a preserved pineapple. Put this, with the pineapple syrup and 3 oz. of castor sugar, in a stewpan, and simmer for ten minutes. Soak 1 oz. of gelatine in a little water, dissolve it and strain it to the above, together with a quarter of a pint of water and one glass of sherry or marsala. Cook the whole gently for a few minutes, then remove it from the fire, pour it into a basin and allow to cool. Just before it begins to set, incorporate the stiffly-whisked whites of three eggs; whisk it all well together (over ice if possible) till it resembles snow. Dish it up on a shallow glass dish, heaped up high, sprinkle over a few crushed macaroons, and send to table.

CANAPÉS À L'EXMOOR

Cut little rounds of bread, fry them a pale colour, curl some boned anchovies on them, and pour over all either Devonshire or whipped cream.

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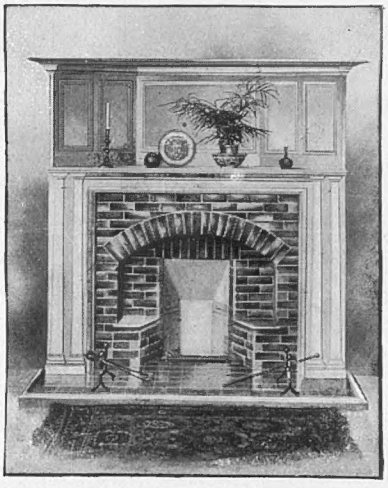

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A Woman's Note Book

The question as to whether a woman has a better time than a man has been provoking great discussion lately, and when this—one of the eternal questions with no answer—comes to the fore again, we all rise up and declare for the pleasures and pursuits we have not experienced. A woman would have a man's independence, and a man would have a woman's ease. We depreciate our own advantages and enlarge upon our own worries, and nobody is a bit the wiser. There are, indeed, some women, and many men, who are more or less content with their lot; but if they were asked for an explanation of their convictions they would probably furnish us with some very complex and elaborate reason, not dreaming of admitting, even to themselves, that they were biased by the mere frivolity of a "better time." Personally, I am of opinion that in the ordinary round of a woman's life, there is the makings of a better time; but that she does not know how to get the most out of it, like a man does.

Another question raised by the same contemporary in the course of this argument is, whether men are kinder to each other than women. It has been the custom, by men and girls alike, to answer this in the affirmative; and yet I do not know that it is by any means certain that this is a true conclusion. It is, perhaps, another of those questions without an answer, with which we amuse ourselves in our solutions, but are conscious that nothing is proved by them. Men are probably more faithful to one another than women, and undoubtedly they are pleasanter, better tempered, and more "happy-go-lucky"; but kindness is distinct from these things, and I fancy that a woman will take a good deal more trouble to give pleasure than a man. It is cited against women that they are so often quarrelsome, but this is really no argument to destroy the kindness case; because the sort of women who are quarrelsome, love quarrelling; and very likely have good cause to know that their opponents do the same: it is an outlet for superfluous energy, and that is why it rages so aggressively in youth; it is also an outlet for unemployed energy, which explains its vigour among idle women and in old age. Men think, because we quarrel, we necessarily detest each other. Not a bit of it. If we dislike a person—unless we are unusually spiteful—we keep out of her way. In nine cases out of ten, quarrelling implies interest; tolerance is sometimes only indifference. It is the nature of some women to quarrel—most of all with their best friends; it is an *unpleasant* nature, and one which we prefer to avoid, since the interest displayed towards us thereby is a thing we cannot readily feel grateful for; all the same, it should not be mistaken for unkindness.

Some smart French toilettes snapshotted at Longchamps races

We are told that this is not a letter-writing age; and it is, indeed, too true. Letter writing is a lost art; for it *was* an art, and it has gone out, with many other feminine arts and industries. The truth is, we are too busy for these things. Our grandmothers had leisure for a voluminous correspondence, and yet the other works, of a domestic sort, which they performed, were truly stupendous. They must have been very tidy people with their time. Nothing quite supplies the place of this letter-writing capacity; neither telegrams, nor telephone, nor easy travelling, nor any of the modern methods by which we can see or communicate with other people. The letter—the letter, which is not a note, an unreadable scrawl, or a mere business communication, like those of the present day—was something solid; a firm foundation on which people kept up their interest in one another; and it is probably because it has become an out-of-date institution that we have so few friends, and such an appallingly large and boring list of acquaintances.

It has been suggested that the man chauffeur should be pleasantly varied by the woman chauffeuse, and really this would be a pleasant and profitable employment for girls who are anxious to find work, and drearily conscious that nearly everything is overstocked, and most vacant posts have a dozen suitable applicants. If a girl were trained to drive, and if she could show herself really skilful, this is not a profession in which she should experience any difficulty in obtaining employment. Moreover, it ought to be an attractive employment, easy and interesting, giving a chance, in that duty we so lamentably neglect, of seeing our own country, and being an excellent tonic—an open-air cure for those who need such things—for health and complexion.

LADY PHYLLIS.

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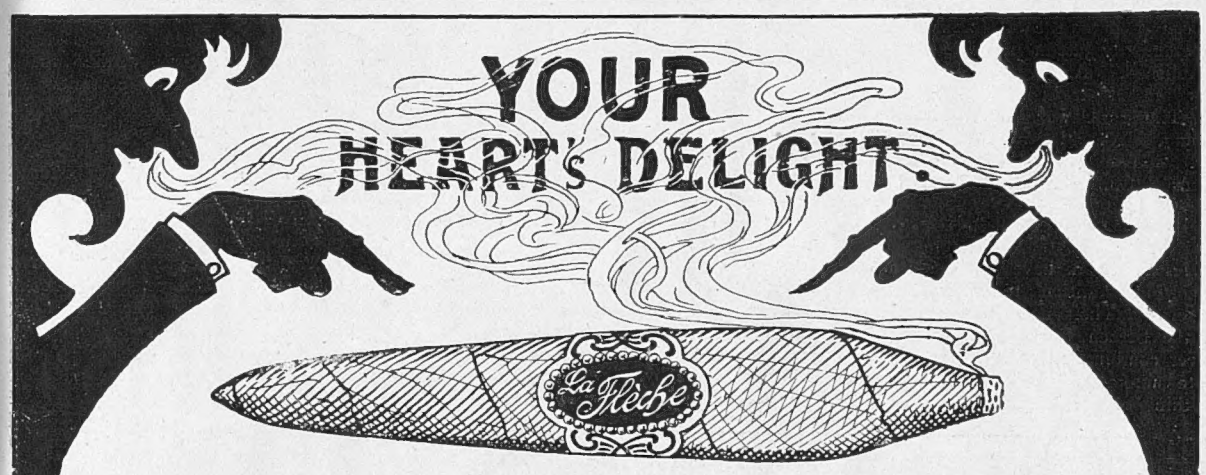

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Easter Holiday Excursions

The G.N.R. has issued its Easter List of Excursions for the coming holiday, and those who intend going north should write, telephone, or call at once for information. All enquiries are courteously attended to, and it is so much better to have one's arrangements made a week or so beforehand than to be in the rush on the last day. In addition to its frequent ordinary train service, the Company is running Special Express Excursions to all the large towns on and in connection with its system. Owing to the excellence of this service, such places as Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Sunderland, Scarboro', York, Bridlington, Hull, Manchester, Sheffield, Harrogate, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Nottingham, Derby, Lincoln, Grimsby, etc., are brought into close communication with the metropolis.

Wine and Spirit Trade Off-License Association

At the Annual General Meeting and Banquet of this Association, recently held at the Hotel Cecil, Mr. P. McKechnie (Chairman of the Association), in the course of a most interesting speech, referred to the Compensation Act passed last year, saying it was received in the spirit that animated its inception, and although not really satisfactory to the trade, might be held as holding the balance between the opponents of the trade and those more broad-minded persons who regarded it as one of the necessities of humanity. That while the off-license holder had not been included in its provisions, yet he congratulated the ON-license trade that so eminently just a principle should be established. A very large attendance was present at the meeting, including Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., Mr. Samuel Young, M.P., Mr. W. McKillop, M.P., Mr. George Maclachlan, and Mr. E. Johnson (Chairman of the Central Board).

A New Screen Focus Kodak

Messrs. Kodak have just made a very important addition to their series of cameras. Their new camera is known as the Screen Focus Kodak, and is a clever combination of roll film and glass plate camera, but an immense advance on anything of the kind, inasmuch as every roll film picture can now be focussed on the ground-glass. The new Kodak, which, of course, is a radical departure from existing forms, is explained in complete detail in the very useful manual of instruction which accompanies the instrument, and in which will be found full directions for developing and printing. The price of the camera is six guineas, which, considering its enormous advantages, and the perfection and completeness of its equipment, is a remarkably low figure.

The National Gallery of British Art

We have received from Messrs. Cassell and Company Part I. of "The National Gallery of British Art." This splendid number is the first of a series, to be issued every fortnight, dealing with the masterpieces in the Tate Gallery. The authoritative character of the work will be fully apparent when it is stated that it is produced under the direction of Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I., who has been in constant communication on the subject with Sir Charles Holroyd, Keeper of the Gallery.

Our Coloured Supplement

We have received several enquiries from readers asking if we intended to issue any more Coloured Supplements, which have proved such a feature of the paper. These will be pleased to learn that the gallery of supplements will be added to whenever possible. This week our plate represents two young hopefuls of Japan, and is entitled, "Chrysanthemum Buds."

"Our Boys"

Plays may come and plays may go; the season may be bad; the drama may be going to the dogs, but *Our Boys* continues to flourish. Byron's perenially popular farcical comedy was lately "presented"—as Mr. Charles Frohman has taught us to say—by Mr. L. F. Chapuy and pupils of the Guildhall School of Music, in aid of that sterling charity, the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund. Mr. Chapuy gave an excellent character-study of Perkyn Middlewick, the retired butterman, and in an excellent cast a favourable impression was made by Miss Gertrude Shill in the rôle of Mary Melrose, the poor cousin.

The Lyric Theatre

Arrangements have to-day been completed with Mr. Tom B. Davis, whereby Miss Maxine Elliott will appear for a season at the Lyric Theatre, commencing Easter Monday, April 24, in a new and original play entitled *Her Own Way*, by Mr. Clyde Fitch. Miss Elliott's season will be under the direction of Mr. Charles B. Dillingham, who will send over from America the company of artistes who are appearing with Miss Elliott, and including Mesdames Fanny Addison Pitt, Nellie Thorne, Georgie Lawrence, Clara Mesereau, Suzanne Perry, Messrs. Charles Cherry, James Carew, R. C. Herz, Frederick Wallace, etc.

A Colonial Exhibition at the Crystal Palace

The Indian and Colonial Exhibition, which opens at the Crystal Palace in May, has already attracted a larger number of Colonies than any exhibition in this country since the one at South Kensington in 1886. New Zealand, Victoria, Gold Coast Colony, Southern Nigeria, Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbadoes, Grenada, Windward Islands, and British Guiana, as well as the Imperial South African Association, and the British Central Africa Company, are all to be represented.

Memoirs of Naval Heroes

Patriotic breasts will be stirred in the Loan Section of the coming Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court by the display of memorials of Captain Cook and Admirals Lord Howe and Lord Collingwood. The relics of the first-named are those brought back from the celebrated navigator's fateful voyage to the South Seas. Other recent loans include the family portraits of Lord Howe, and Lord Collingwood's gold medals commemorating Trafalgar, St. Vincent, etc. Heroines of the "mighty deep" are not numerous in our history, and it may be for that reason the name of Grace Darling stands forth so prominently for her aid in rescuing the survivors of the *Forfarshire*, and the cape she cast about her shoulders upon that celebrated occasion will be exhibited. The Committee of Lloyds have also lent many old seagoing insurance policies, bills of lading, etc., dating from early in the eighteenth century.